



FIGHTIN' MARINES

BREATHTAKING ACTION STORIES

Fightin'

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

No 22

MARINES

10¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



In This Issue

BEST OUTFIT IN THE WORLD .
BAZOOKA TEAM .
ONE BATTLE, ONE MARINE .

"WE'LL RIPPLE YOUR BODY WITH MUSCLES and LOAD T-N-T IN YOUR FISTS"

Says **JOE LOUIS**, Great World Champion



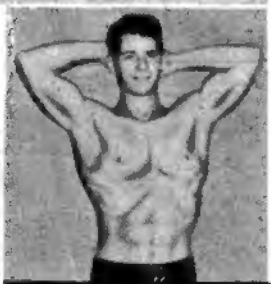
HIGH SCHOOL STAR—Maurice Natchley of Miami Beach shows Dad powerful muscles developed by the Champions.

You can Broaden your Shoulders and Add Solid New Muscles...
AS WE DID!



STATE TROOPER—George Sheridan of Springfield learned Self Defense from the Champs when 16 years old.

POPULAR LEADER—Robert Colville of Jersey City credits the Champions with his new popularity.



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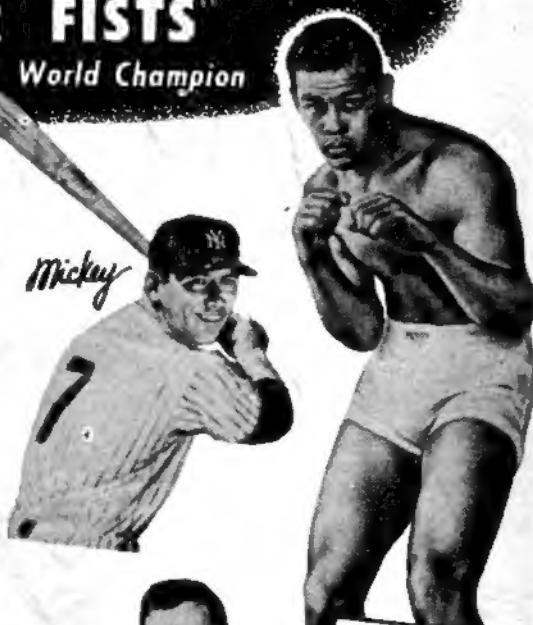
If you're weak or skinny, Mickey Mantle will build your body—turn flabby muscles into steel... FAST. If you want speed and stamina, Bob Cousy can make you fast... LOTS OF FUN.

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FIGHTIN' MARINES

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FIGHTIN' MARINES

THIS SEAL OF APPROVAL APPEARS ONLY ON COMIC MAGAZINES WHICH HAVE BEEN CAREFULLY REVIEWED, PRIOR TO PUBLICATION, BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY, AND FOUND TO HAVE MET THE HIGH STANDARDS OF MORALITY AND GOOD TASTE REQUIRED BY THE CODE. THE CODE AUTHORITY OPERATES APART FROM ANY INDIVIDUAL PUBLISHER AND EXERCISES INDEPENDENT JUDGMENT WITH RESPECT TO CODE-COMPLIANCE. A COMIC MAGAZINE BEARING ITS SEAL IS YOUR ASSURANCE OF GOOD READING AND PICTORIAL MATTER.

Alfred P. Fitch Executive Editor

BAZOOKA TEAM

THEY FOUGHT LIKE STRANGE CATS WHEN NO ONE WAS SHOOTING AT THEM BUT WHEN THE CHIPS WERE DOWN, CPL. BULL WHEELER AND PVT. RED DEVANEY WERE A PERFECT TEAM!



FIGHTIN' MARINES

OFF THE BATTLEFIELD, THEY WERE LESS AMIABLE...



THAT'S RIGHT, PRIVATE DEVANEY -- YOU CARRY ALL THE STUFF.'

GET MOVING, WHEELER, WE'RE NEEDED AT THE FRONT.'

YES, WHEELER HAD THE STRIPES... BUT DEVANEY WASN'T SO DUMB...



WHEW! I'M GLAD WE MADE IT! YOU'RE LUCKY YOU SPRAINED YOUR ANKLE.'

LUCKY MY FOOT! THAT WAS BRAINS, BULL! BUT YOU WOULDN'T KNOW.'

YOU TRICKED ME! I'LL MAKE YOU LIMP FOR REAL.'

SLOW DOWN, BULL! IT WAS ONLY A JOKE.'



CUT OUT THE HORSEPLAY, WHEELER! TELL DEVANEY I SAID FOR YOU TWO TO GET THAT TANK JUST OVER THE HILL! HE'S GOT A BEAD ON US.'

YES, SIR! ME AN' BULL WILL GET IT.'



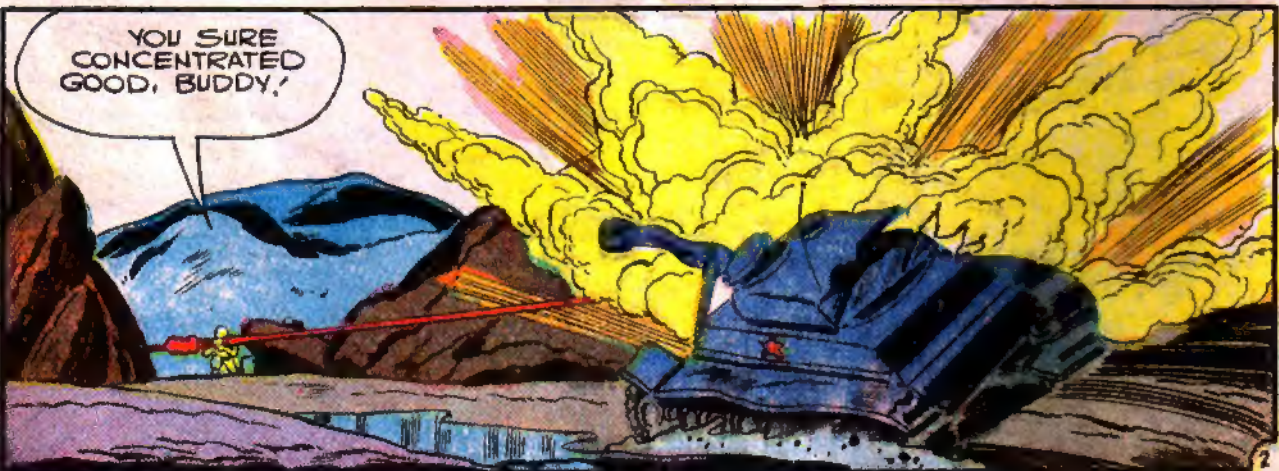
SPLITTING THE LOAD EQUALLY, DEVANEY AND WHEELER INCHED ACROSS THE SPACE BETWEEN! RED SPOTTED THE TANK AND...

THERE SHE IS, BULL! SINK ONE FOR OL' SIWASH.'

SHUT UP, AN' LET ME CONCENTRATE!



YOU SURE CONCENTRATED GOOD, BUDDY.'



FIGHTIN' MARINES

LOOK OUT, BULL! PICK UP THAT PLUMBIN' AN' LET'S GO!

NO GOOT, RUNT, IT'S YOUR TURN TO CARRY IT!



I SPRAINED MY ANKLE, REMEMBER? WE KNOW I DIDN'T BUT THE LIEUTENANT DOESN'T. IF I CARRY IT, I'LL LIMP SOMETHIN' AWFUL!

AN' I'LL GET CHEW-ED OUT! OKAY, YOU WIN THIS TIME!



DON'T PRESS YOUR LUCK, REDHEAD, DIVE IN A HOLE!

THAT BIG SLOB NEEDS PROTECTIN'!



LATER, BULL SOUGHT RE- VENGGE...

YUH TRICKED ME ONCE TOO OFTEN! I'LL...

LET 'IM ALONE, PICK ON SOMEONE YOUR OWN SIZE!



THIS WAS A PRIVATE ARGU- MENT BUT I'LL OPEN FOR...

ONE SIDE, PARDNER, I'LL HANDLE THIS CREEP! SAY THAT AGAIN, PAL!



I WAS JUST TRYIN'... YOU GUYS ARE CRAZY!

IT DOESN'T PAY TO INTERFERE WHEN THEM ROOSTERS START CROWIN'! THEY FIGHT WITH EACH OTHER AND FOR EACH OTHER!



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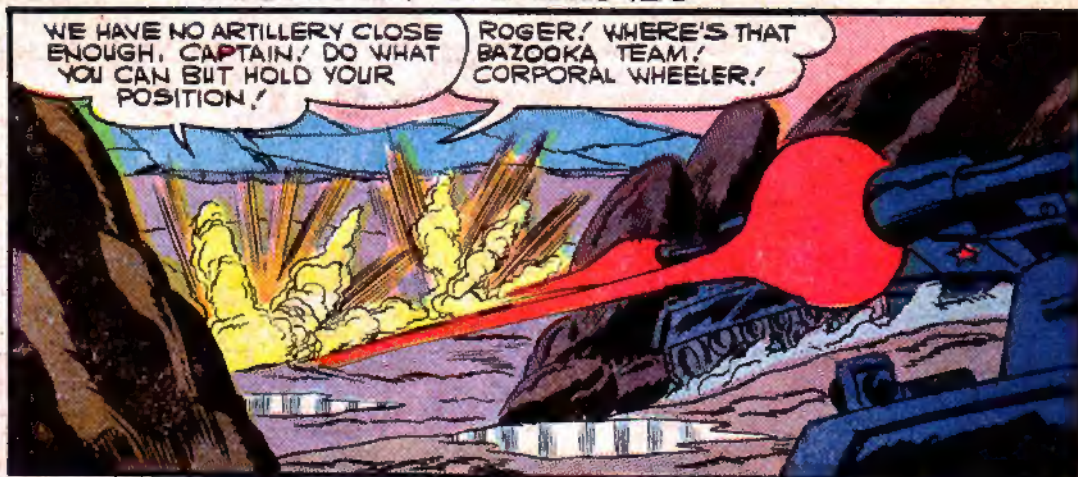
RUSH TODAY! LIMITED OFFER!

FIGHTIN' MARINES

THE COMPANY WAS DUG IN NEAR THE ONLY ROAD THROUGH THE HILLS! THE ORDERS WERE TO BLOCK IT AT ALL COSTS BUT THEN... THE TANKS CAME...

WE HAVE NO ARTILLERY CLOSE ENOUGH, CAPTAIN! DO WHAT YOU CAN BUT HOLD YOUR POSITION!

ROGER! WHERE'S THAT BAZOOKA TEAM! CORPORAL WHEELER!



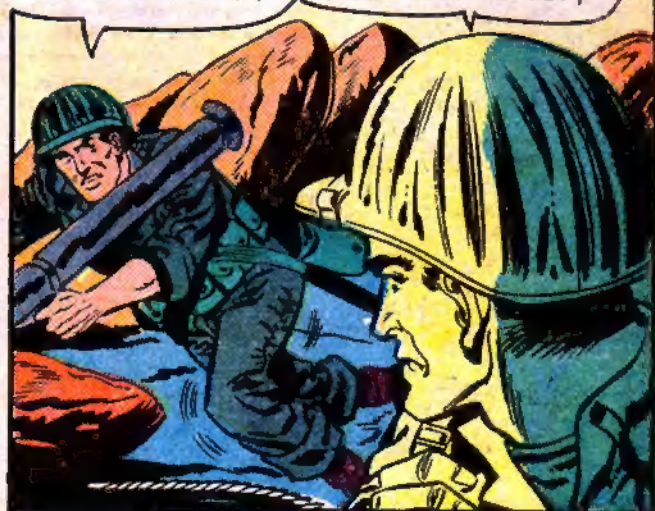
WHEELER! ON THE DOUBLE!

THAT'S ME! HERE I...



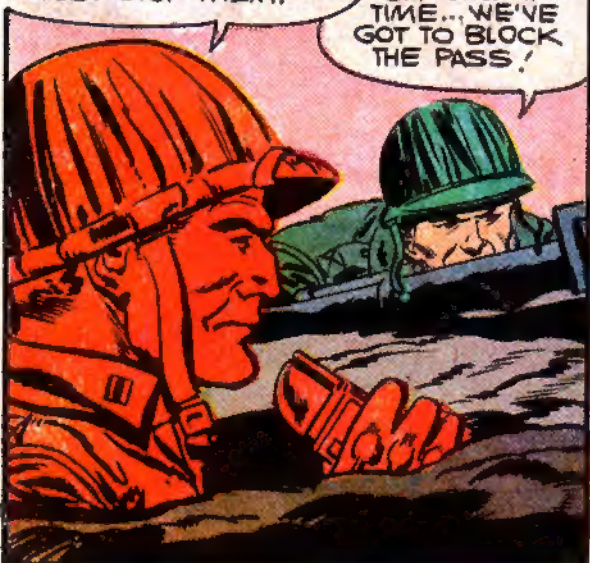
I'M GONNA TAKE YOU AND SQUEEZE YUH SLOW TILL...

WAIT A MINUTE...YOU CAN'T NOW! CAPTAIN PLATT WANTS YOU!



YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THOSE TANKS, WHEELER! I DON'T CARE HOW! JUST STOP THEM!

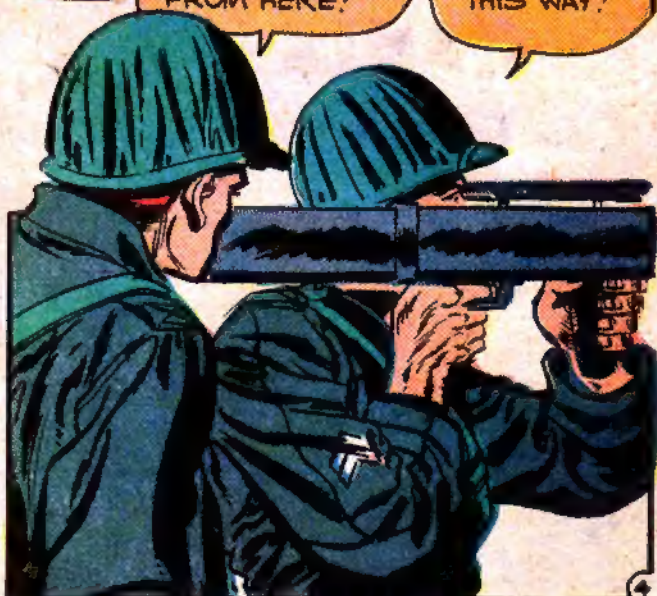
WON'T DO ANY GOOD TO KNOCK 'EM OFF ONE AT A TIME... WE'VE GOT TO BLOCK THE PASS!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...

THIS CLOSE ENOUGH? YOU COULD TICKLE IT TO DEATH FROM HERE!

SHUT UP, WISE GUY! WATCH A MAN FIGHT THIS WAY!



FIGHTIN' MARINES

6

IT WAS POINT BLANK RANGE! WHEELER'S FIRST CHARGE EXPLODED INSIDE THE RED TANK...

SCRATCH ONE, BUDDY!

SWISHH!

GLANCED OFF! THEY'RE SURE MAD AT ME TOO! WHERE'S THAT REDHEAD?

SWISSHHH!

WHILE BULL WAS DODGING BULLETS, RED DEVANEY WAS CRAWLING CLOSER TO THE TANK! HE LEAPED FROM A ROCK, HAULED A FIRING PORT SHIELD ASIDE AND...

IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU EARNED YOUR PAY, DEVANEY!

SUCK, BUSTER! NOW LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! THEY MAY GET HEP THAT WE'RE ALL ALONE UP HERE!

PING! PING! PANG!

NICE WORK, BOYS! COME ON, MEN!

BAROOM!

AND ONCE THE BATTLE WITH THE REDS WAS OVER, THE ENDLESS BICKERING WITH EACH OTHER BEGAN AGAIN...

HOW DO YA KNOW I'M FAKIN' A SORE BACK? YA GOTTA TAKE MY WORD FOR IT!

CARRY THAT STUFF! I'M A CORPORAL! HE HAS TUH DO IT, DON'T HE, SIR?

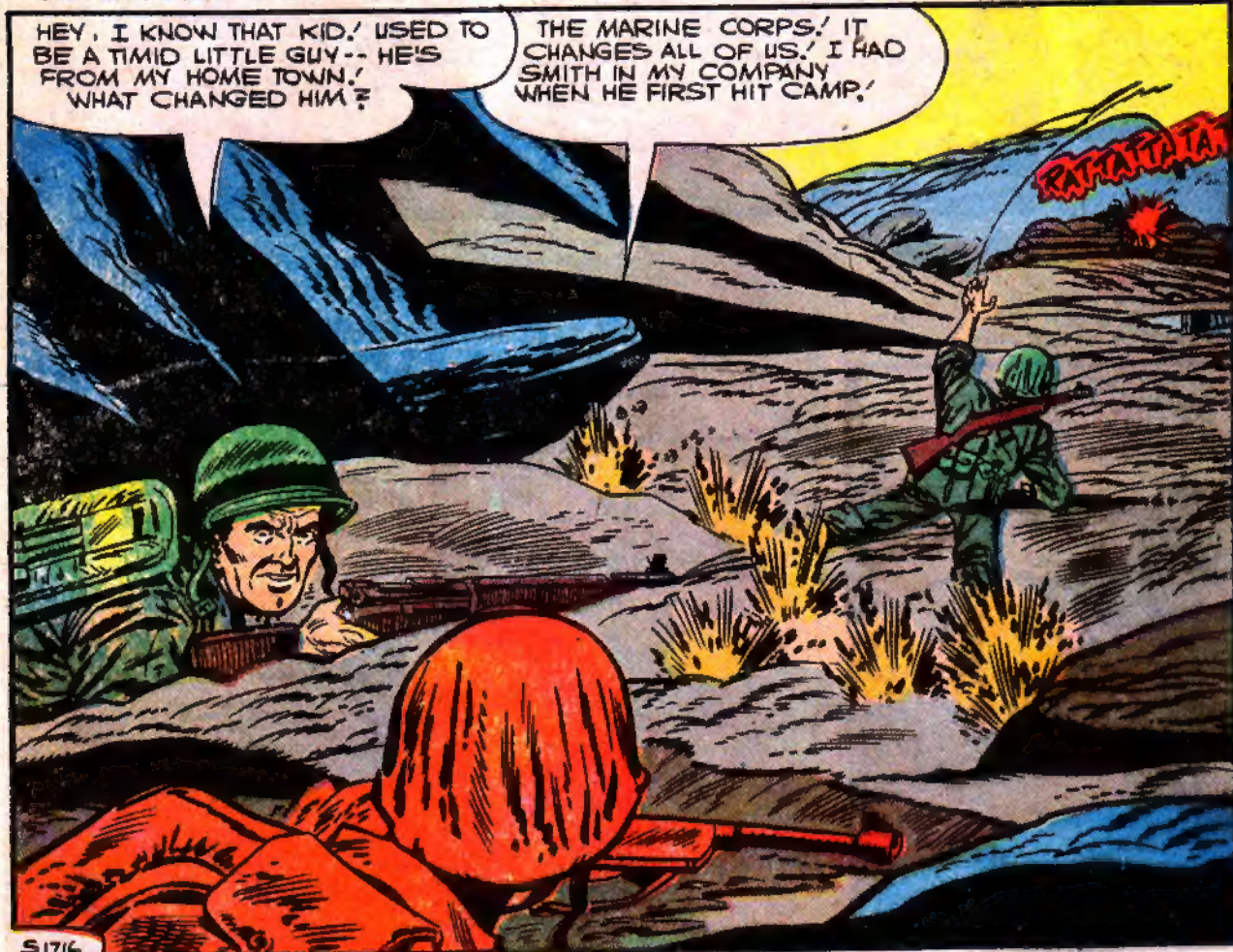
DON'T DRAG ME INTO IT! FIGHTING THE REDS IS TOUGH ENOUGH!

END

FIGHTIN' MARINES

THE **BEST OUTFIT** in the **WORLD**

WHAT MAKES THEM TICK? HOW CAN ANY GROUP OF MEN GET SO COCKY THAT THEY THINK THEY'RE THE BEST... THEN GO OUT AND PROVE IT WHERE IT COUNTS, ON THE BATTLEFIELD? TAKE YOUNG JOE SMITH... A DECORATED HERO IN ACTION... AN AVERAGE KID IN HIS HOME TOWN BEFORE HE DROPPED THE MARINE UNIFORM... WHAT CHANGED HIM?



HEY, I KNOW THAT KID! USED TO BE A TIMID LITTLE GUY-- HE'S FROM MY HOME TOWN. WHAT CHANGED HIM?

THE MARINE CORPS! IT CHANGES ALL OF US! I HAD SMITH IN MY COMPANY WHEN HE FIRST HIT CAMP.

5176

"YOU'RE RIGHT! HE WAS ON THE TIMID SIDE! BUT WE HAD A DRILL INSTRUCTOR WHO KNEW HOW TO HANDLE YOUNG FELLOWS LIKE HIM..."



ALL RIGHT, BOOTS! TRY TO STAND UP STRAIGHT! IF THAT UNIFORM WE GAVE YOU DOESN'T FIT NOW, IT WILL! YOU'LL GROW UP TO IT!



I'LL SEE THAT YOU DO! YOU'D BETTER OR ELSE...

FIGHTIN' MARINES

A LOT OF THE TRAINING DIDN'T MAKE SENSE TO YOUNG SMITH AT FIRST. TAKEN SEPARATELY, MAYBE SOME OF IT DOESN'T...



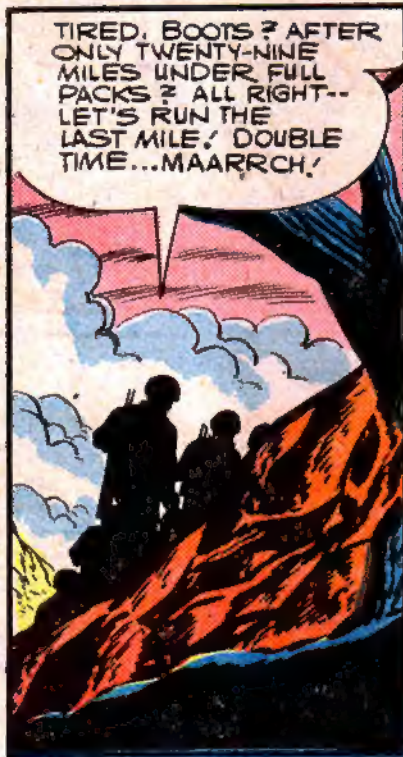
KEEP REPEATIN' IT, BOOT. I MUST NOT DROP MY RIFLE. I MUST NOT DROP MY RIFLE. THREE MORE LAPS AROUND THE FIELD.

THOSE FIRST DAYS, THE BOOTS HATED THE MARINES AND THE SERGEANT. MARINE BOOT CAMP ISN'T EXACTLY A VACATION SPOT...

IT'S GREAT TO BE A MARINE. YEAH. GREAT TO BE A HUMAN DOORMAT.



TIRED. BOOTS? AFTER ONLY TWENTY-NINE MILES UNDER FULL PACKS? ALL RIGHT-- LET'S RUN THE LAST MILE. DOUBLE TIME...MAARRCH!



THEY WERE TIRED THAT NIGHT -- BUT A LITTLE SURPRISED THAT THEY COULD DO IT... AND BEGINNING TO BE A LITTLE PROUD...

BOY, WHEN WE FINISH BOOT TRAININ', I'M GONNA TAKE THAT DRILL INSTRUCTOR ON. HE SAID HE'D FIGHT ANY OF US ANY TIME!

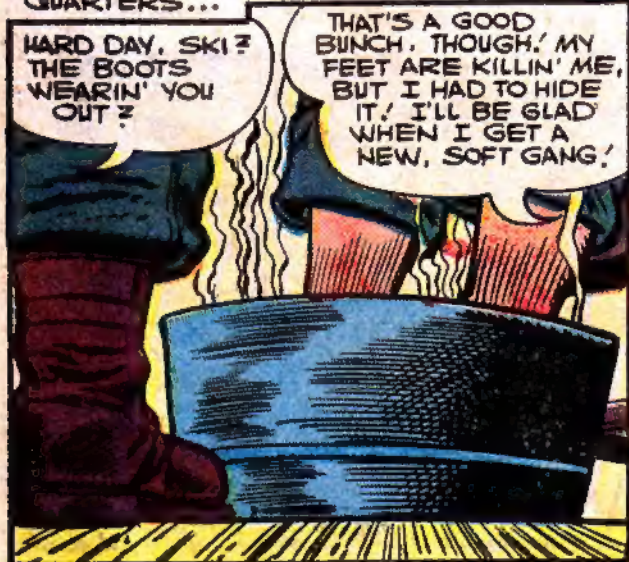
YEAH -- COME TO THINK OF IT, THOUGH, HE DID THE 30 MILES TOO. HIS FEET DON'T HURT THOUGH. HE DON'T FEEL A THING!



MEANWHILE, IN THE DRILL INSTRUCTOR'S QUARTERS...

HARD DAY, SKI? THE BOOTS WEARIN' YOU OUT?

THAT'S A GOOD BUNCH, THOUGH. MY FEET ARE KILLIN' ME, BUT I HAD TO HIDE IT. I'LL BE GLAD WHEN I GET A NEW, SOFT GANG!



YEAH-- AN' YOU'LL TURN THEM INTO MARINES TOO AND THEY'LL WEAR YOU OUT TOO. WE CAN'T WIN, SKI.



FIGHTIN' MARINES

THEN, THE BIG DAY--THE DAY WHEN BOOT CAMP WAS FINISHED AND THEY STOPPED BEING 'BOOTS' AND BECAME MARINES...



OKAY, SMITTY! I GAVE YOU AND THE OTHERS A HARD TIME! WANT REVENGE OUT IN THE BOONDOCKS?

NOT ME, SARGE! YOU TAUGHT US PLENTY BUT NOT ENOUGH TO TAKE YOU! I WANT TO BUY YOU A DRINK!



YOU BOYS ARE PRETTY COCKY NOW! REMEMBER, YOU'RE MARINES! DON'T DO ANYTHING TO DISGRACE THE UNIFORM! SHOVE OFF-- YOU'RE ON PASS!



SMITH, AND SOME OF THE OTHERS, WENT BACK TO THEIR PRE-MARINE WAY OF THINKING AT FIRST! FOR INSTANCE, THERE WAS A HUSKY CIVILIAN IN A PLACE IN TOWN...



HEY, WATCH IT!

WELL, GET OUTTA MY WAY, THEN!

YOU GYRENES THINK YOU'RE ROUGH! I'M HERE TO PROVE I'M ROUGHER! NOW, CRAWL OR COME OUTSIDE!

I JUST WANT TO DRINK MY COFFEE IN PEACE!



WHERE YOU GOIN'? BACK TO CAMP WITH YOUR TAIL BETWEEN YOUR LEGS?

UH... YEAH... I'M TIRED, SARGE!



FIGHTIN' MARINES

WELL, YOU'RE GOIN' TO TAKE A BEATIN' BEFORE YOU SACK IN! EITHER I DO THE JOB OR THAT LOUDMOUTH INSIDE DOES! TAKE YOUR CHOICE!

I... I'LL TACKLE THE LOUD-MOUTH!



SMITH KNEW SKI MEANT IT AND ONCE HE KNEW HE HAD TO DO IT, HE WASN'T SO SCARED ANY MORE...

DRINK FASTER, BUSTER! I'M IN A HURRY TO GET THAT BEATING YOU PROMISED ME!

WHAT TH...? I'LL BREAK YOU IN HALF!



THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNIN'! SONNY!



SMITTY TOOK IT! BUT HE WAS IN SHAPE AND HE CAME BACK FOR MORE...

IF THAT CIVVIE HURTS THE KID, I'LL BOUNCE HIM LIKE A RUBBER BALL!



NEXT TIME, DON'T BOTHER A MARINE!

COME ON, SMITTY! HE DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER!



I WAS LEADING HIS PLATOON WHEN WE LANDED IN KOREA! JOE SMITH WAS ALWAYS THERE -- QUIET, DEPENDABLE -- A MAN WHO KNEW HE WAS AS GOOD AS THE NEXT ONE...

HOW'S IT GOIN', SMITTY? NERVOUS?

SURE! WE ALL ARE! BUT WE FIGURE WE'RE AS GOOD AS THEM REDS ANY DAY!



FIGHTIN' MARINES

AND WE ARE, SMITTY, OUT THERE, IS DOING A JOB HE KNOWS AS WELL AS OUR INSTRUCTORS CAN TEACH, THE REST HE'LL LEARN OUT HERE,



HEY, BOOT CAMP WAS TOUGHER THAN THIS,



YEAH, BUT REMEMBER, WE NEED YOU! DON'T TAKE UNNECESSARY CHANCES,

DROP BACK, SMITTY! THERE'S TOO MANY OF THEM,

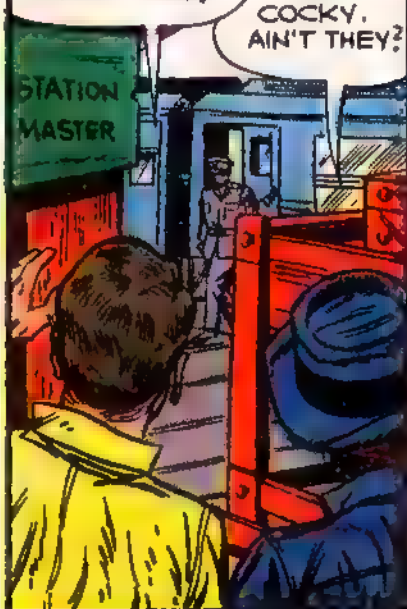
I WON'T LET THE BAD MEN GET YOU, SARGE!



PRC. JOE SMITH SURVIVED THAT SKIRMISH AND MANY MORE! FINALLY, HIS OUTFIT WAS ROTATED TO THE STATES AND HE GOT A LEAVE TO GO HOME...

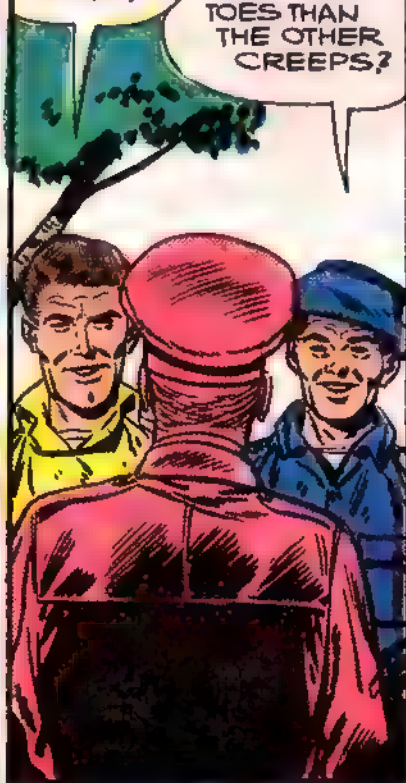
HEY, THERE'S SMITTY! LOOKS PRETTY SHARP, EH?

YEAH! THEM MARINES ARE COCKY, AIN'T THEY?



HI, JOE! GLAD YOU GOT BACK OKAY!

WHAT'S THE FANCY RIBBONS! PEEL MORE POTATOES THAN THE OTHER CREEPS?



LAY OFF THE OUTFIT, ACE! PICK ON ME, BUT DON'T RUN DOWN THE MARINES!

GOT TOUGH TOO, EH? YOU DON'T IMPRESS ME, SONNY!



FIGHTIN' MARINES

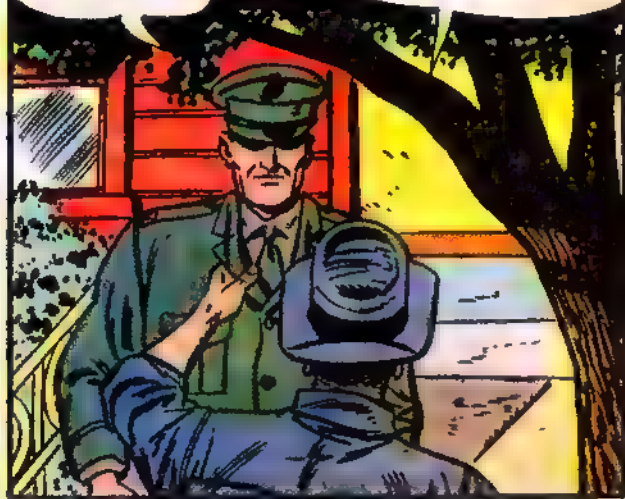
LOOK, ACE, LET'S SKIP THE KID STUFF. I WANT TO GET HOME AND SEE MY FOLKS!

DON'T HAND US THAT! YOU'RE STILL CHICKEN LIKE YOU ALWAYS WERE!



I'M NOT, ACE--NOW! DO US BOTH A FAVOR! LET ME GO!

NOT TILL I'M READY--AN' I'M NOT READY!



ACE WASN'T READY FOR WHAT HAPPENED NEXT! JOE WAS ROCK HARD AND HIS REFLEXES LIGHTNING FAST...

COOL OFF! MAYBE THIS WILL SLOW YOU DOWN!

I'M GONNA... OOOOF!



WOW! I DIDN'T THINK ACE WOULD FOLD UP FROM A LITTLE JAB LIKE THAT!

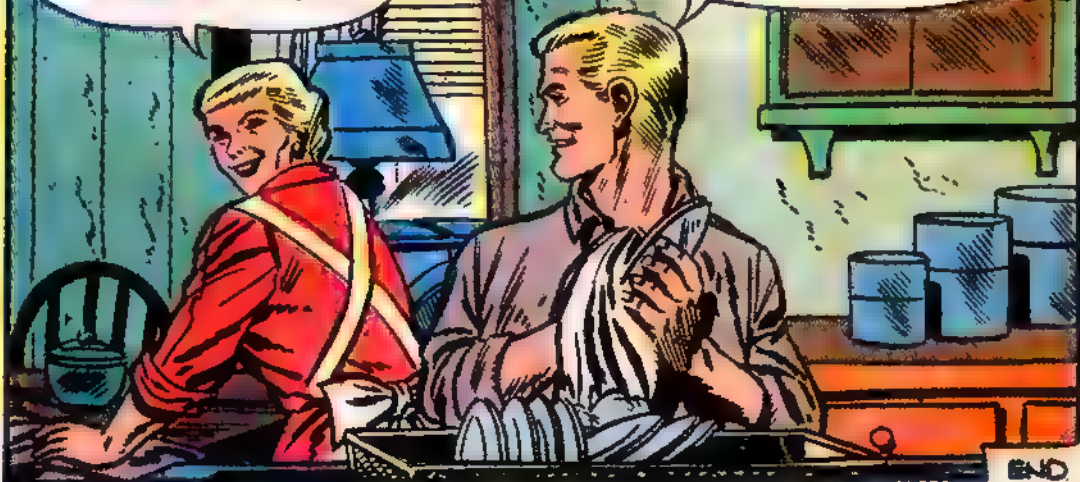
THAT LITTLE JAB MADE ME SICK THE FIRST TIME I GOT ONE. HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A MINUTE!



JOE'S FAMILY AND FRIENDS FOUND JOE UN-CHANGED AT FIRST... THEN THEY BEGAN TO REALIZE THAT THE MARINES HAD CHANGED HIM DOWN DEEP INSIDE...

YOU'RE A REAL HELP, JOE! I THOUGHT THE MARINES TAUGHT YOU TO FIGHT, NOT KEEP HOUSE!

THEY TEACH US BOTH, MOM, AND WHATEVER THEY TEACH, THEY TEACH HARD! WE'VE GOT TO LEARN OR ELSE!



END

GIVEN!

BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

EXTRA! EXTRA!

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**LOOK
BETTY!**

I'LL BET IT'S
A FLYING
SAUCER!

LET'S GET OUR
TELESCOPE AND
BINOCULARS
AND SEE!

HEY! THAT LOOKS LIKE AN EARTH SATELLITE!

I CAN
SEE IT
CLEARLY.

FLASH! SCIENTISTS HAVE JUST LAUNCHED THE FIRST EARTH SATELLITE. ANYONE SPOTTING IT PLEASE CALL US AT ONCE!

GOOD WORK, BETTY AND JIM! YOU ARE THE FIRST TO SPOT OUR NEW OBSERVATION SATELLITE!

GOSH! HERE
ARE BETTY AND
JIM'S PICTURES
IN TODAY'S
PAPER!!

HOW DID YOU KIDS
EVER GET A RADIO,
A TELESCOPE AND
BINOCULARS?

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MARINE PAUL JONES

From the days of the ancient Phoenicians and Greeks, fighting ships have carried units of marines — "soldiers of the sea" to fight as the need required on land or sea. Modern marines fight in the air as well.

Long ago in the days of wind-driven ships, marine sharpshooters swarmed aloft and, from high in the rigging, picked off the enemy as hostile men-of-war came within musket range. To make a landing, marines and sailors from several ships in small boats went ashore.

It was going badly for Captain John Paul Jones and his ill fitted ship, the **BONHOMME RICHARD**, that afternoon of September 23, 1779. The captain had been cruising in the enemy's waters off the coast of Scotland looking for trouble and found it. He found it in the form of the huge British frigate **SERAPIS**. Jones had closed with his opponent in an attempt to bring the target within range of his cannon.

On the first broadside, many of the **RICHARD'S** cannons exploded, killing and wounding a number of the crew. And as the two vessels drew alongside, the superior-gunned **SERAPIS** poured round after round into the American ship.

The battle might well have ended differently, but Jones ordered the United States Marines into the "fighting tops" where they delivered such a galling rifle fire to the enemy's upper decks that gunners refused to man their stations. When the British commander called for Jones to strike his colors, he shouted, "Sir, I have not yet begun to fight."

And how right he was, for while their comrades were sweeping the enemy's decks, several marines crawled out on the mainyard and tossed hand grenades into the hatches of the **SERAPIS**. A grenade exploded in the powder magazine and the enemy ship was rocked by explosions below decks. The fight was soon over and America had achieved her first major sea victory.

Today the Marine Corps uses helicopters and transport planes, as well as landing craft, to put men ashore where they are needed to seize harbors, islands, and airfields required by the Navy as advanced bases. Thus the Marine Corps serves as a body of fighting men set up within the framework of the Department of the Navy. They have a three-pronged job, as the well known "Marines' Hymn" states:

We fight our Country's battles

In the air, on land and sea."

Marine Paul Jones was no blood descendent of the famous commander of the **BONHOMME RICHARD**. He sat behind a desk at the Marine Experimental Research Station and typed reports. He was a thin small tired looking marine whose eyeglasses seemed to shield his entire face. Beautiful red headed Alice Murtin spoke her thoughts about this particular marine.

"He's so dumb it really doesn't seem possible that such a person could exist. He thinks I am the greatest girl in the world. He would gladly fight a thousand men for me. He told me that himself."

"But are you certain he's our man," demanded Saul Victor. "Time is running short. Our government must know the exact nature of the work they are carrying out at the experimental station. We know definitely it has the highest priority rating."

Alice Murtin smiled as a woman would when she was certain she had the man under her thumb.

"I'll tell him right now what I want. He'll be here in a few minutes."

"You are going to put it bluntly," said Saul Victor. "For treason is a nasty word. I don't think you could get him to go against his own country."

"You are perfectly right," agreed Alice Murtin. "I intended to do just one thing. Use his dumbness as the weapon to get what we want. I hear the bell. Get out the back way."

Alice Murtin answered the bell and opened the door. Before her stood Marine Paul Jones. In his right hand he held a dozen American roses. In his left hand he held a big box of candy.

"All for you," he sighed. "The most wonderful woman in the world. Just say the word. I would do anything for you."

"Anything?" teased Alice Murtin as she took the two gifts from the marine and placed them on a table top.

"Go ahead and test me," he insisted.

"I know you must be a very important man with the marines," she continued. "And I am certain you are doing something very important. Bring me a souvenir of your work tomorrow evening when you call on me. I am having the car fixed. We will go out for a ride. I have a big headache. Would you forgive me, darling, if I said good night to you now?"

Marine Paul Jones promised to get Alice Murtin what she wanted the next evening. She was elated and watched from her window as the young man crossed the street. Then she dialed a number.

"Sirgovitch," she said. "Saul Victor told me how important this assignment was. I think I will be successful by tomorrow in getting some idea of what is happening. Reserve a table for me at the Cafe Blue."

The next evening Marine Paul Jones called upon the young lady. He took from his coat pocket a bullet and showed it to her. The tip of the bullet was plastic not metal. She looked at it and placed it on a table top.

"A big surprise for my darling," she informed him. "My Uncle Tom called me. Said he had a table reserved at the Cafe Blue. But he can't use it. Must leave at once on an important business trip. So we can go there and have a good time."

"But we must be back before two in the morning," warned the marine. "I have a special pass. I did some extra work and they gave me time off. The Big Marine Experiment takes place soon."

Alice Murtin looked at her face in the mirror. She needed an excuse to go into the bedroom and use the other phone.

"Think I'll powder up a bit more. You wait here, darling."

In the bedroom she rushed to the phone and called Sirgovitch.

"You and Saul be here at three this morning. I think I have something for you. And more to come."

Alice Murtin was confident that the young marine was half in dreamland and half in a happy world of his own creation. He wasn't a bad dancer. Only stepped upon her feet about six times. She drove him back to the Marine Base in her car.

"See you tomorrow evening, darling," she waved to him.

Half an hour later she was in her apartment. Facing her were Saul Victor and the red top agent known as Sirgovitch. She handed Saul Victor the bullet. He removed the plastic tip of the bullet. It was empty.

"We must know what goes into this plastic shell," said Saul Victor.

The next evening Marine Paul Jones called upon Alice Murtin. He handed her a small metal container. It looked exactly like a carbon dioxide

cartridge.

"Every marine is given one of these at the grounds just before. . ."

He stopped as though he suddenly remembered not to say any more.

"Just before what?" demanded Alice Murtin with a bit of impatience in her voice.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you," explained the young marine. "But I could get you a film. They took a film and I know where it is."

Alice Murtin could hardly believe her own ears. This was too good to be true.

"Bring that film here tomorrow evening," she told him. "I will get a projector. You can then show it to me."

When he left she called Sirgovitch and told him the big news. He decided to do something unusual. He would contact the director of all red espionage in America, known simply as Agent 2-V.

The next evening, Marine Paul Jones came with the film. He found himself facing a gun in the hand of Sirgovitch. There were two other men in the room.

"Give me the film," said Sirgovitch.

"It's the wrong film," said the marine. "This is about a comic mouse."

"Don't believe him," shouted Alice Murtin. "Put it on the projector and we can see for ourselves."

It really was a film about a comic mouse who played with a bullet that had a plastic tip and a cartridge filled with carbon dioxide.

"I'm sorry," apologized the marine. "I'll get the other film."

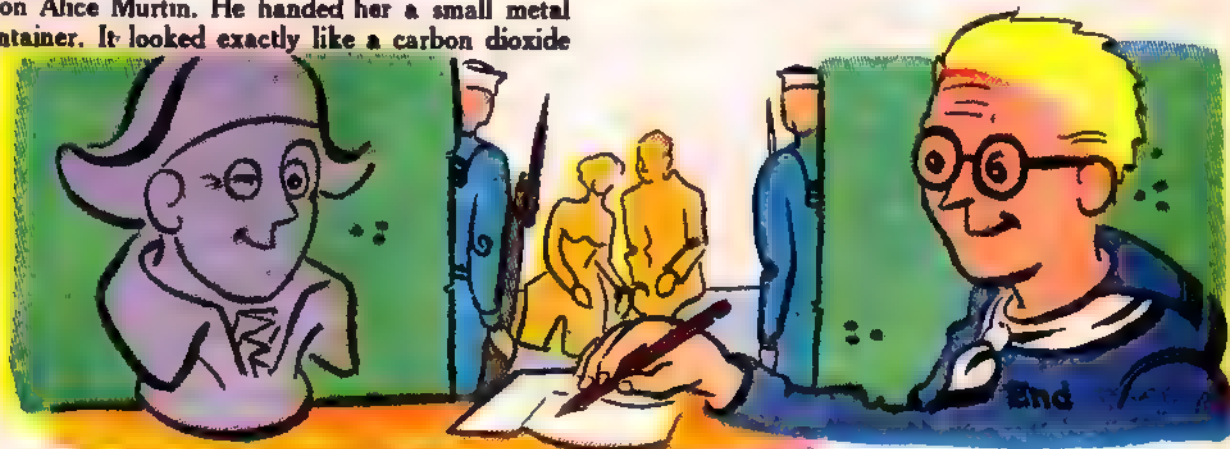
"No man could be really as dumb as that," said Sirgovitch.

"You're right," smiled the marine. "On the fire escape are three expert sharpshooters. Move an inch and they'll shoot you. Drop the gun."

Major Paul Jones, head of the Marine Counter Espionage was very well satisfied with the results. They had the entire group of red agents in the net.

"So that's your dumb marine for you," Saul Victor snarled at Alice Murtin.

"Shut up," was all she could say. For she suddenly realized how dumb they all were to walk into the net when they thought they were setting one themselves.

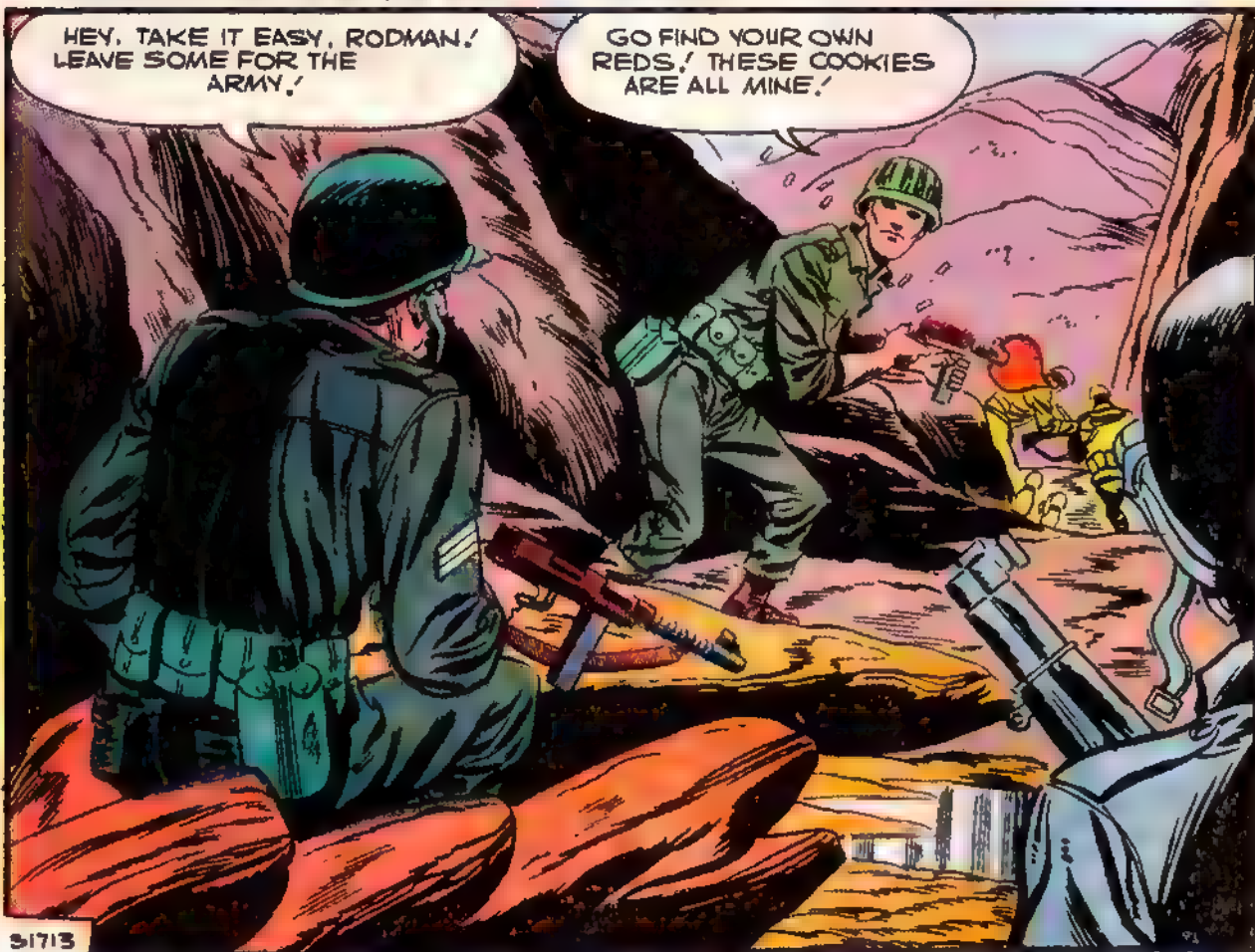


ONE BATTLE, ONE MARINE

THERE WAS A LOT OF GOOD NATURED KIDDING WHEN MARINE CPL. TUG RODMAN FOUND HIMSELF BATTLING THE REDS SHOULDER TO SHOULDER WITH GI'S. BUT RODMAN WAS A ONE MAN ARMY WHEN THE SHOOTING STARTED...

HEY, TAKE IT EASY, RODMAN!
LEAVE SOME FOR THE
ARMY!

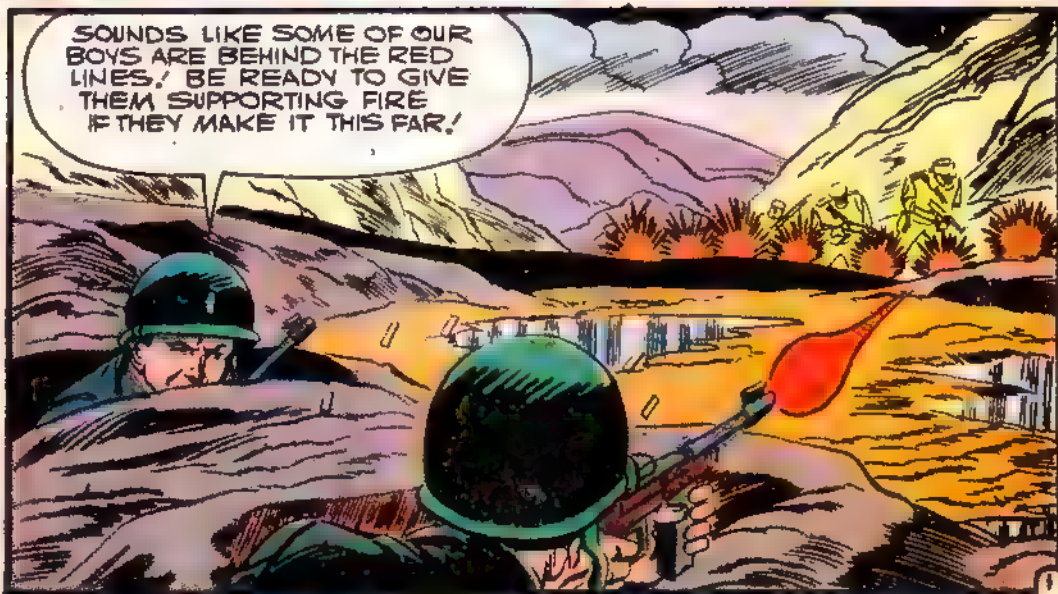
GO FIND YOUR OWN
REDS! THESE COOKIES
ARE ALL MINE!



51713

THE
SECTOR
HAD BEEN
QUIET ALL
MORNING.
SUDDENLY,
FIRING
BROKE
OUT
BEHIND
THE
RED
LINES!
THE
ARMY
SQUAD
WAITED,
ALERT...

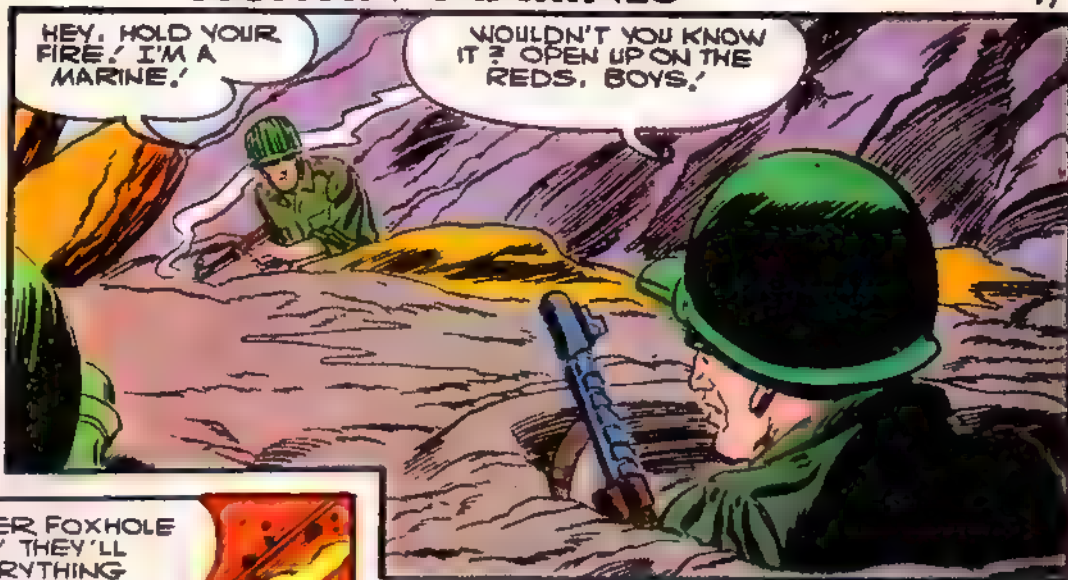
SOUNDS LIKE SOME OF OUR
BOYS ARE BEHIND THE RED
LINES! BE READY TO GIVE
THEM SUPPORTING FIRE
IF THEY MAKE IT THIS FAR!



FIGHTIN' MARINES

17

THEY DIDN'T HAVE LONG TO WAIT! SUDDENLY, THE NEAREST REDS WENT DOWN FROM A SUB-MACHINE GUN BURST AND...



HEY, HOLD YOUR FIRE, I'M A MARINE!

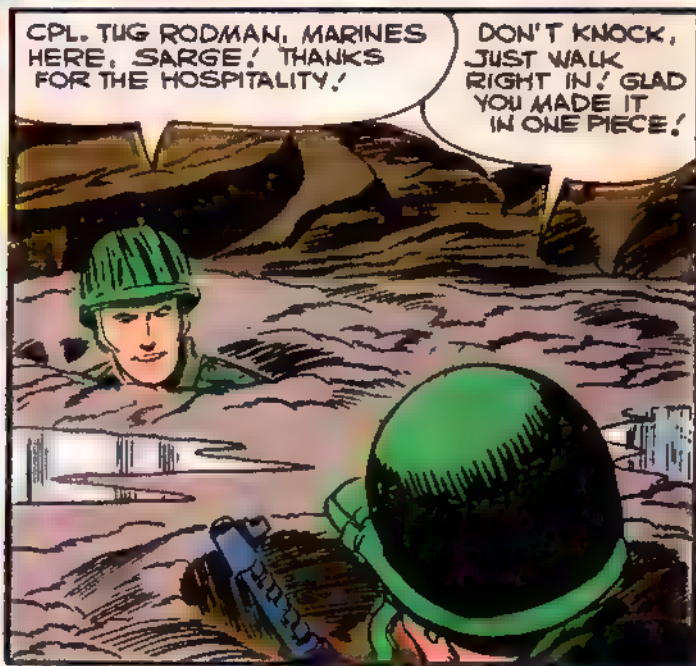
WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT? OPEN UP ON THE REDS, BOYS!

PICK ANOTHER FOXHOLE NEXT TIME! THEY'LL THROW EVERYTHING THEY'VE GOT AT THIS FOXHOLE!



CPL. TUG RODMAN, MARINES HERE, SARGE! THANKS FOR THE HOSPITALITY!

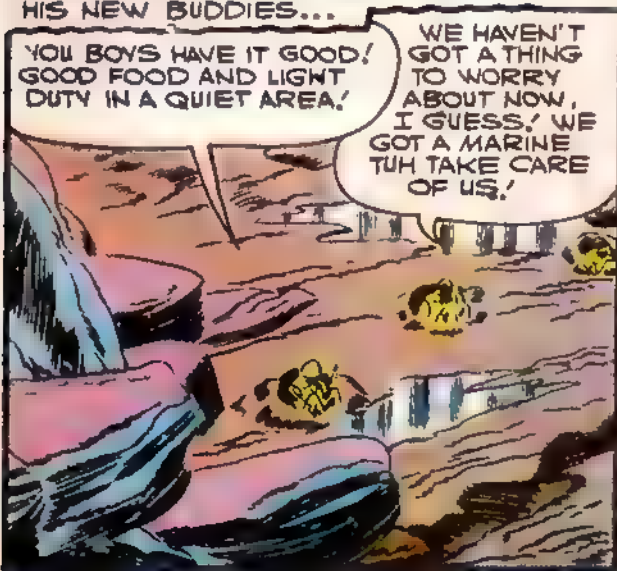
DON'T KNOCK, JUST WALK RIGHT IN! GLAD YOU MADE IT IN ONE PIECE!



LATER, RODMAN HAD CHOW WITH HIS NEW BUDDIES...

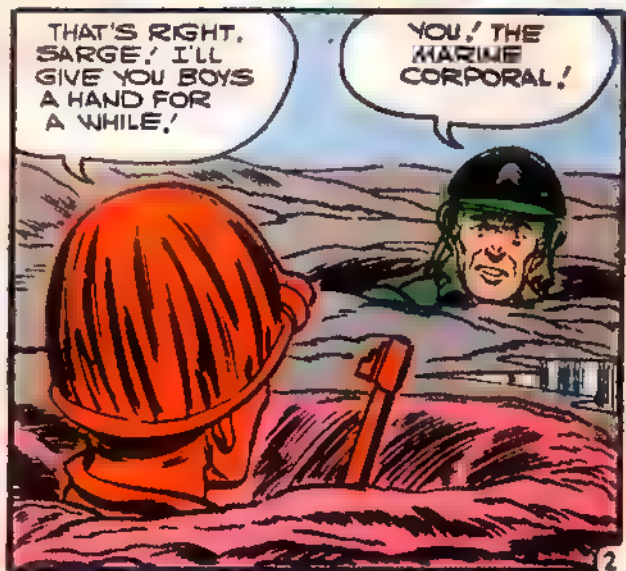
YOU BOYS HAVE IT GOOD! GOOD FOOD AND LIGHT DUTY IN A QUIET AREA!

WE HAVEN'T GOT A THING TO WORRY ABOUT NOW, I GUESS! WE GOT A MARINE TUH TAKE CARE OF US!



THAT'S RIGHT, SARGE! I'LL GIVE YOU BOYS A HAND FOR A WHILE!

YOU! THE MARINE CORPORAL!



FIGHTIN' MARINES

GOOD NEWS, MARINE! I'VE GOT A LIFT TO THE REAR AREA FOR YOU, YOU CAN GET BACK TO YOUR OWN OUTFIT FROM THERE.

THERE WILL BE FIGHTING AROUND HERE PRETTY QUICK, RIGHT, SIR?

THAT'S RIGHT, WHY?

I RECKON I'LL WAIT A WHILE, THEN, SORT OF HELP YOUR BOYS OUT, SIR!

RODMAN'S NEEDLING GOT UNDER THE ARMY'S SKIN, THEY WERE OUT TO SHOW THE MARINE HOW THEY OPERATED UNDER FIRE...

YOU'D BETTER PRODUCE, GYRENE! AFTER THAT BRAGGIN', WE'LL BE WATCHING YOU!

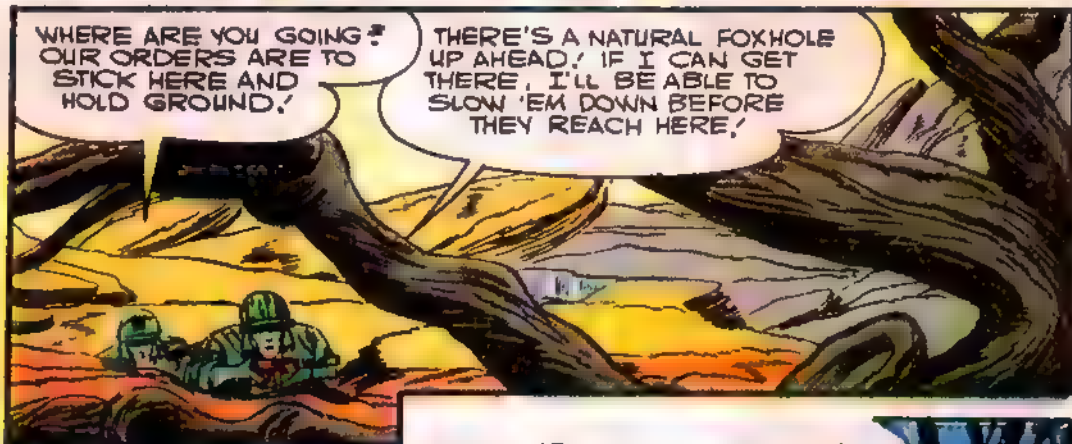
DO THAT, SARGE! YOU'LL LEARN SOMETHING!



THE REDS WERE MASSING FOR A GENERAL ATTACK, IN TUG RODMAN'S AREA, THEY HAD TO CROSS A SMALL, CLEARED FIELD...

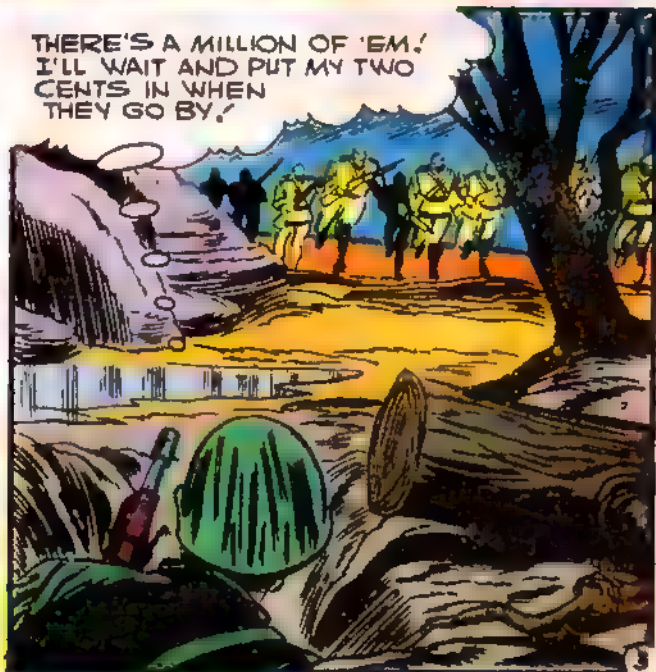
WHERE ARE YOU GOING? OUR ORDERS ARE TO STICK HERE AND HOLD GROUND!

THERE'S A NATURAL FOXHOLE UP AHEAD, IF I CAN GET THERE, I'LL BE ABLE TO SLOW 'EM DOWN BEFORE THEY REACH HERE!



THOSE GI'S ARE MAD ENOUGH TO BITE! I SURE LOVE TO NEEDLE 'EM!

THERE'S A MILLION OF 'EM! I'LL WAIT AND PUT MY TWO CENTS IN WHEN THEY GO BY!



FIGHTIN' MARINES

THE REDS OUTNUMBERED THE YANKS PLENTY... FOR A MINUTE, IT LOOKED AS THOUGH THEIR NUMBERS ALONE WOULD WIN THE HILL! THEN, A SUBMACHINE GUN OPENED UP IN THEIR REAR...

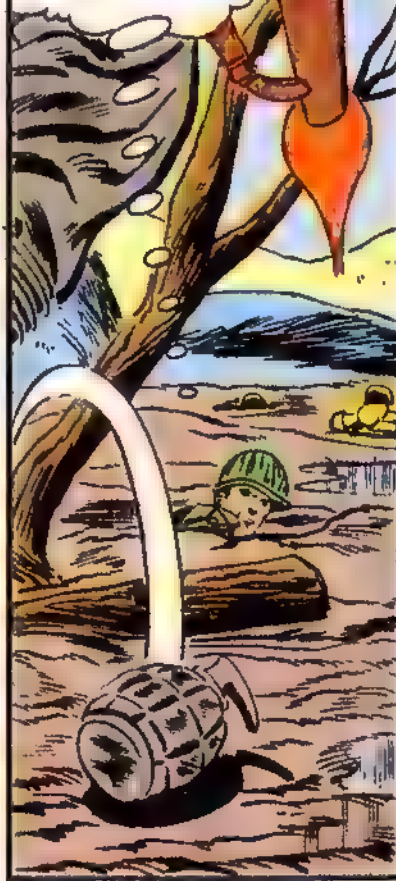
LAY INTO THEM, GROUND-POUNDERS!

HIT 'EM HARD! THAT GYRENE'S TOMMY GUN HAS 'EM SHOOK UP!

THEY CAUGHT 'EM CHANGIN' CLIPS! BULLSEYE, THE SARGE LAID IT IN THERE!

WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' BACK HERE? IT'S NOT CHOW TIME YET!

I GOT LONE-SOME OUT THERE, EVEN ARMY CHATTER IS BETTER THAN THAT!



THE ARGUMENT STOPPED WHEN A CAPTAIN FROM THE COMMAND POST DASHED UP -- HE HAD A NASTY

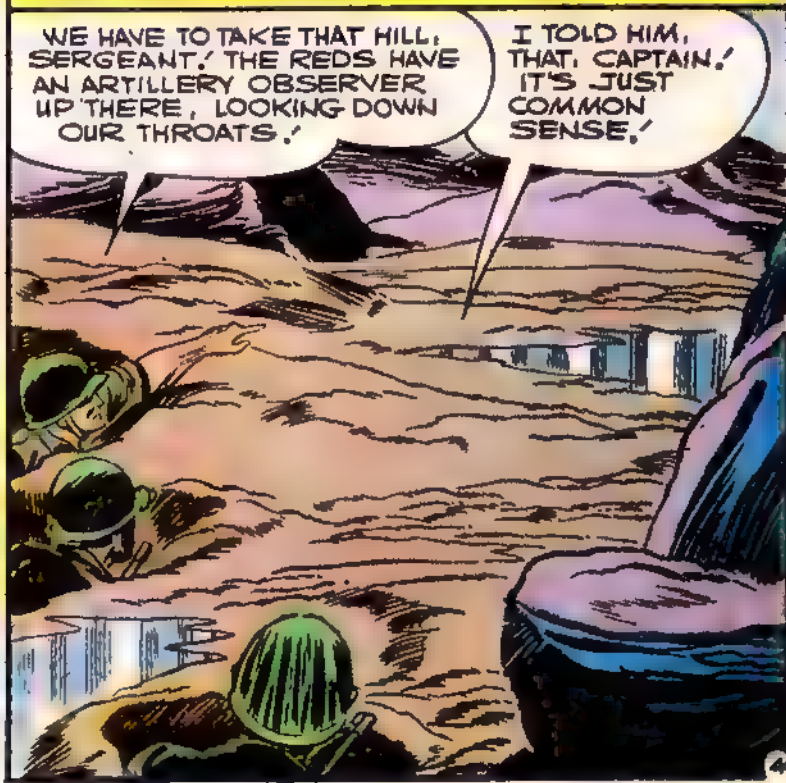
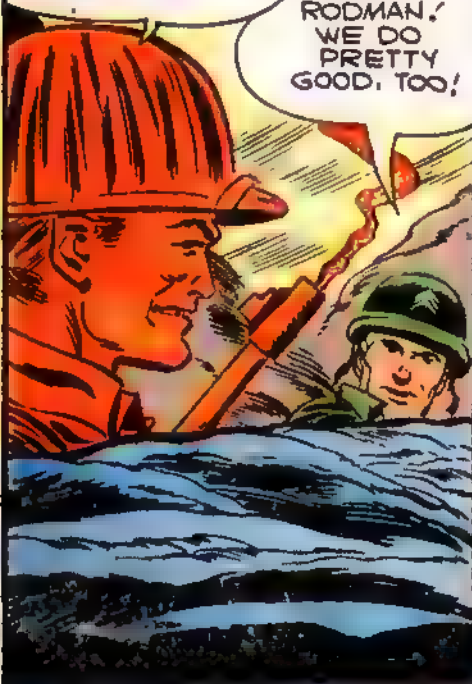
JOB TO DO -- A REAL NASTY ONE...

NOW, IF THIS WAS A MARINE OUTFIT, WE'D BE CHASIN' THEM REDS INTO THE HILLS!

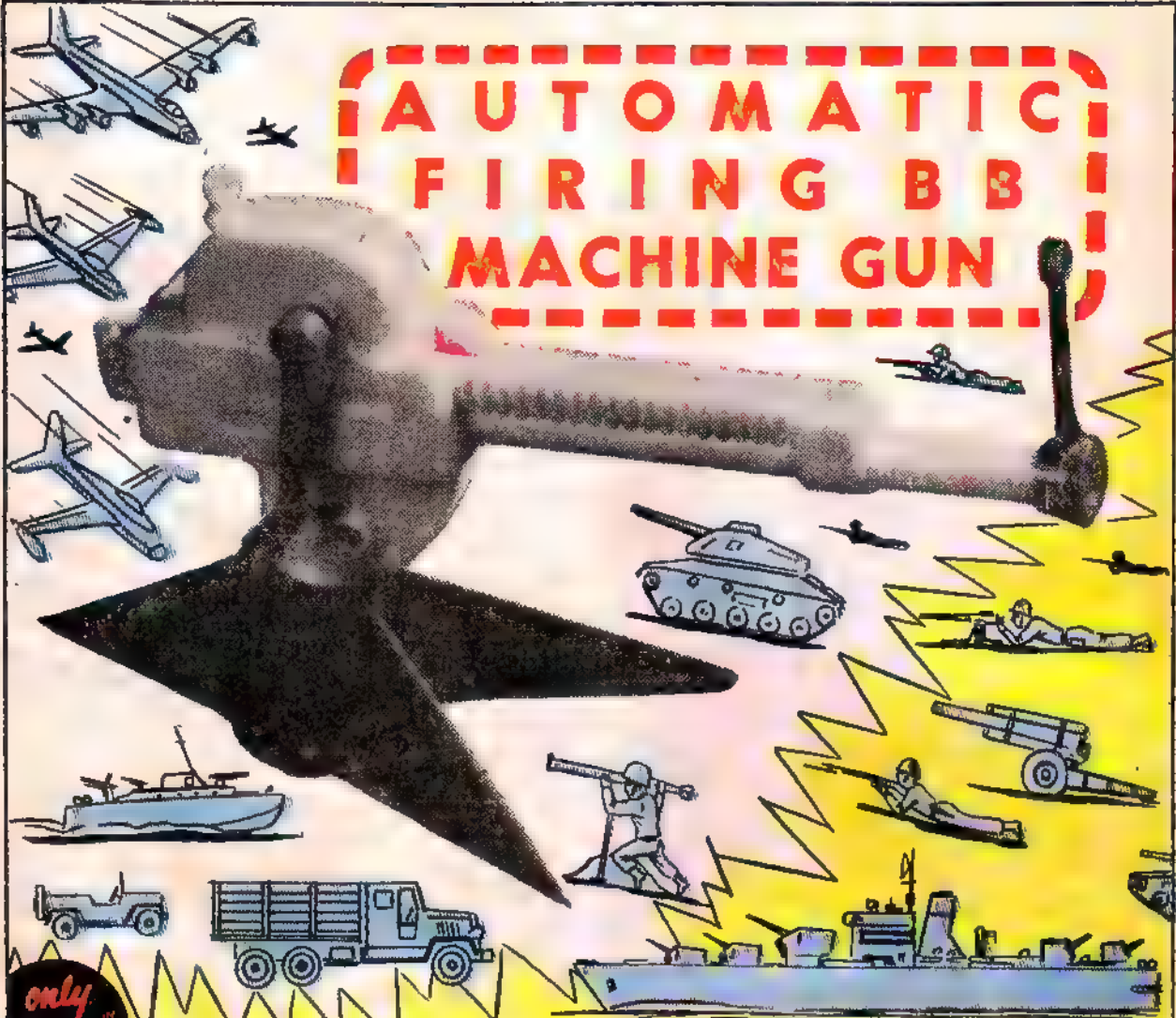
PIPE DOWN ABOUT THE MARINES, RODMAN! WE DO PRETTY GOOD, TOO!

WE HAVE TO TAKE THAT HILL, SERGEANT! THE REDS HAVE AN ARTILLERY OBSERVER UP THERE, LOOKING DOWN OUR THROATS!

I TOLD HIM, THAT, CAPTAIN! IT'S JUST COMMON SENSE!



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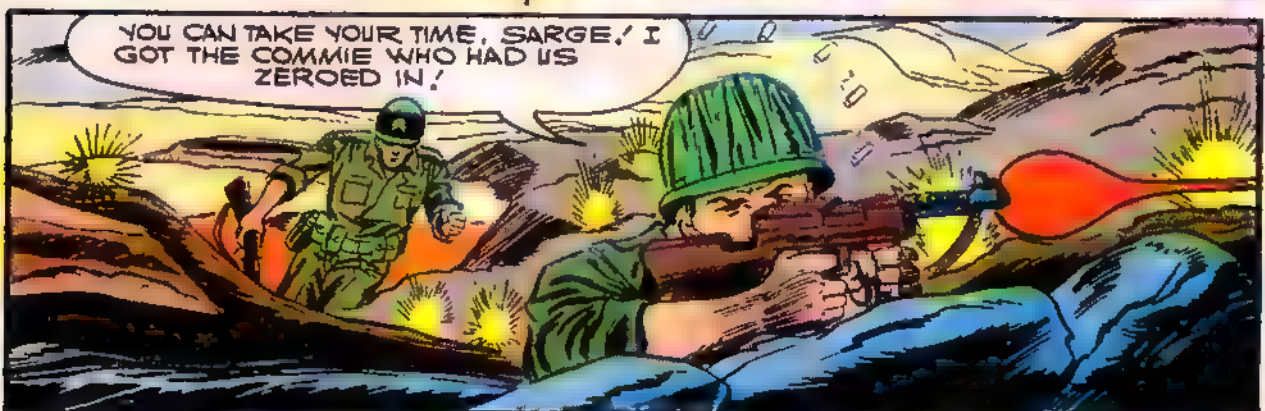
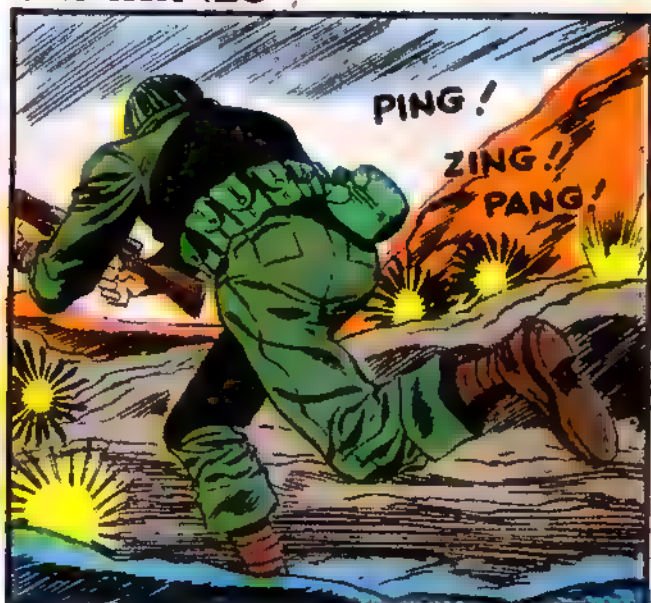
Rush my Automatic Firing BB Machine Gun and Complete Task Force Armada on 10 day Free Trial. If I am not completely satisfied, I may return it for prompt refund of full purchase price.

- ☐ I enclose \$1.00 + 25c shipping charges. Same money back guarantee
- ☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

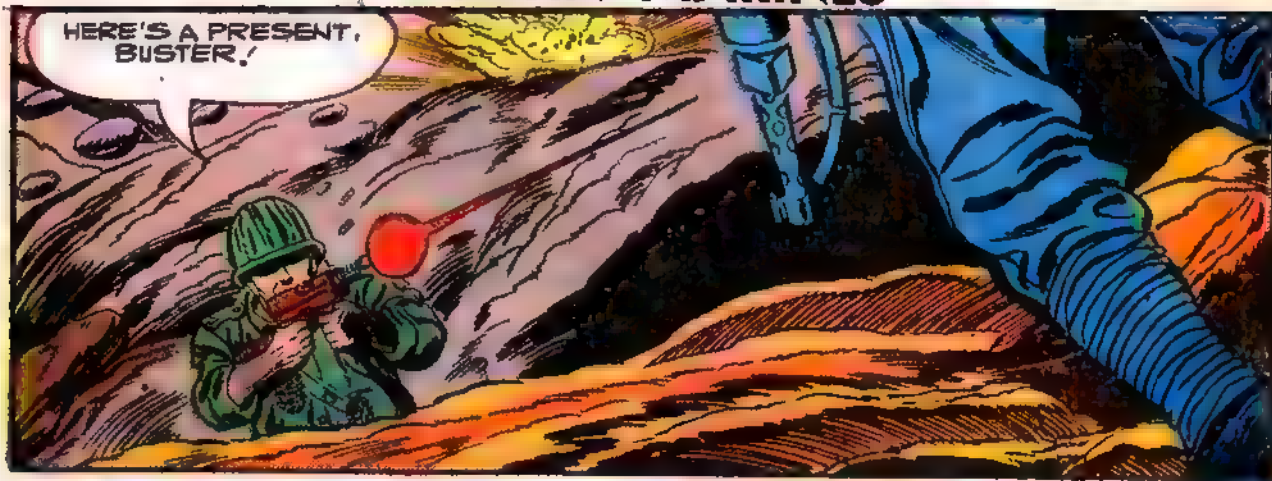
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

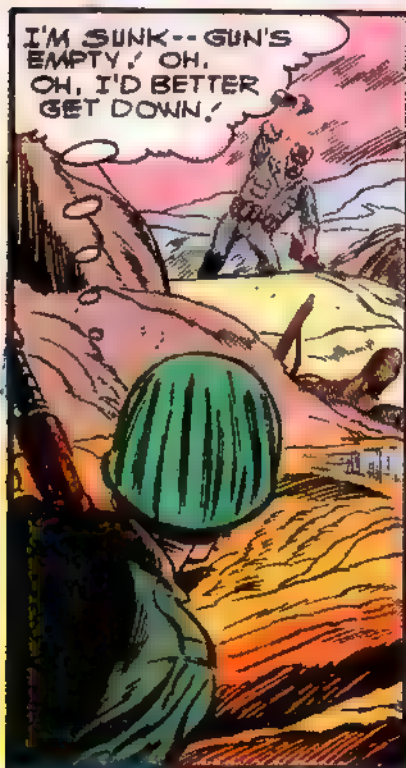
FIGHTIN' MARINES



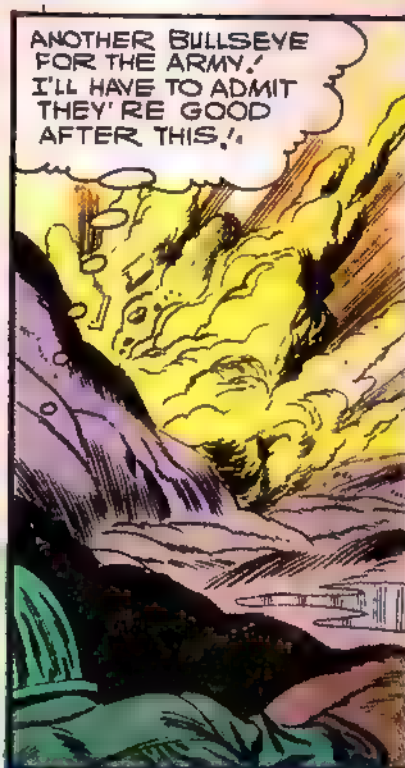
FIGHTIN' MARINES



HERE'S A PRESENT,
BUSTER!



I'M SUNK--GUN'S
EMPTY! OH,
OH, I'D BETTER
GET DOWN!



ANOTHER BULLSEYE
FOR THE ARMY!
I'LL HAVE TO ADMIT
THEY'RE GOOD
AFTER THIS!

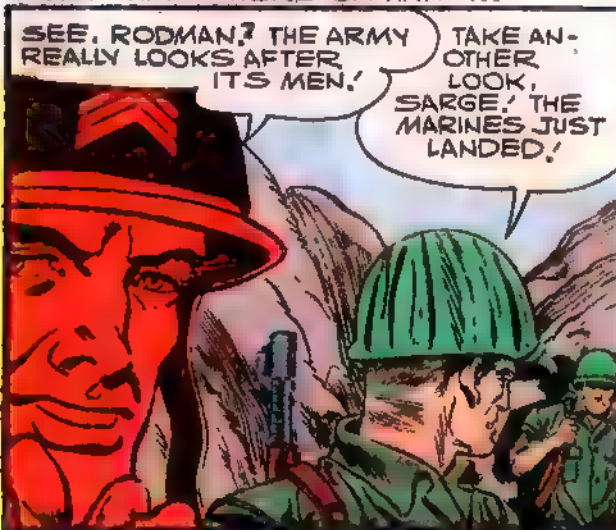


THE YANKS OCCUPIED THE
STRATEGIC HILL... BUT WITH-
OUT HELP, THEY KNEW
THEY COULDN'T HOLD IT
LONG...

WE'RE
COOKED
UNLESS
WE GET
HELP!

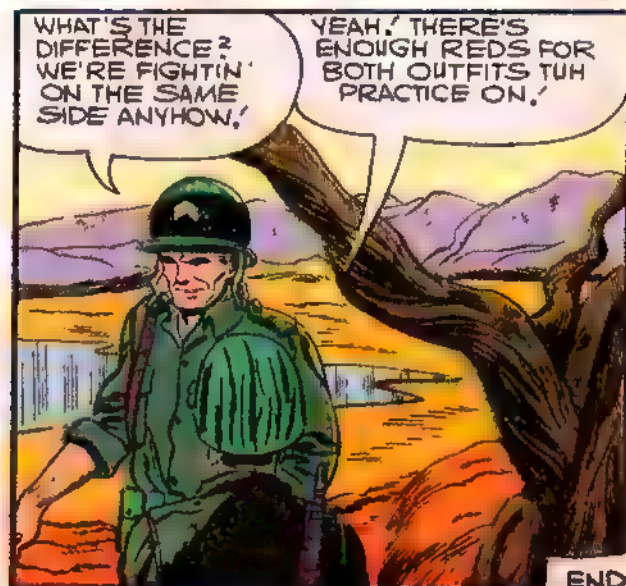
I HEAR FIRIN'
DOWN BE-
LOW! I'LL
BET IT'S ON
THE WAY
NOW!

A MOMENT LATER, THE REDS FELL BACK!
MORE YANKS WERE ON HAND...



SEE, RODMAN? THE ARMY
REALLY LOOKS AFTER
ITS MEN!

TAKE AN-
OTHER
LOOK,
SARGE! THE
MARINES JUST
LANDED!



WHAT'S THE
DIFFERENCE?
WE'RE FIGHTIN'
ON THE SAME
SIDE ANYHOW!

YEAH! THERE'S
ENOUGH REDS FOR
BOTH OUTFITS TUH
PRACTICE ON!

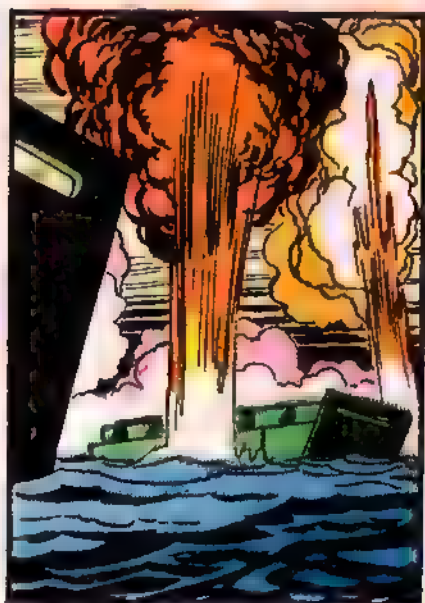
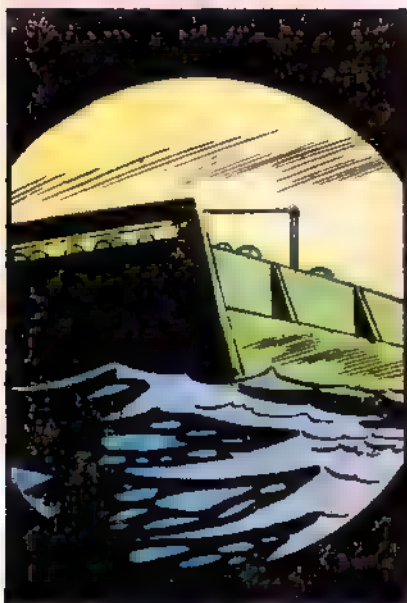
END

FIGHTIN' MARINES

THE MARINES ARE COMING



AMERICAN MARINES COMING RIGHT TO BEACH WHERE OUR INTELLIGENCE REPORT SAID THEY WOULD. SOON AS THEY COME IN RANGE, WE GIVE THEM MOST WARM WELCOME!



MOST EXCELLENT SHOOTING! EMPEROR WILL BE MOST... OH, NO!



NOTHING BUT DUMMIES IN THOSE ASSAULT BOATS! WE LANDED DOWN BEACH ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN!



ALL THE TIME YOU BIRD-BRAINS THOUGHT THE MARINES WERE COMIN'... WE WERE HERE ALREADY!



END

FIGHTIN' MARINES

The REPLACEMENT

WE'RE PINNED DOWN! JERRY'S THROWIN' EVERYTHING HE'S GOT!

WHERE'S THAT CRUDDY REPLACEMENT?

AHH, HE RAN OUT ON US, THAT YELLOW-BELLY...

ZING!

SPANG!

ZING!

SLATT!

51039

THEY WERE THE FIRST SQUAD OF E COMPANY -- AND RIGHT UP TILL THAT LAST REST PERIOD, THEY'D BEEN FIRE-EATERS, EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM ...

UP AND AT 'EM, FIRST SQUAD!

BUT THAT WAS WHEN THEY'D STILL HAD JABOTINSKY WITH THEM -- GOOD OLD COM; BAT-HEP JAB WHO'D DRAGGED THEM THROUGH SCRAPES SO TIGHT THAT A NYLON THREAD COULDN'T HAVE SQUEEZED THROUGH ...

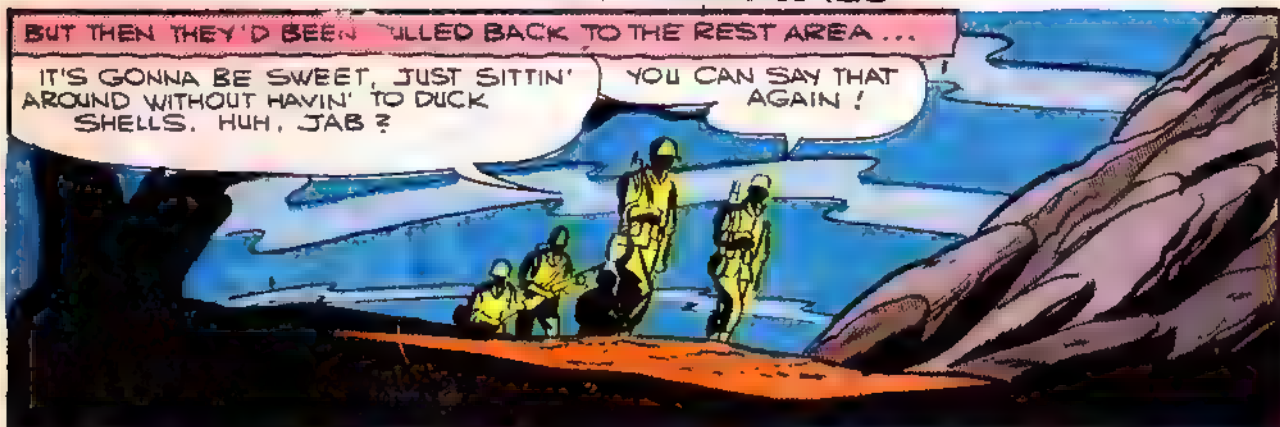


FIGHTIN' MARINES

BUT THEN THEY'D BEEN PULLED BACK TO THE REST AREA ...

IT'S GONNA BE SWEET, JUST SITTING AROUND WITHOUT HAVING TO DUCK SHELLS. HUH, JAB?

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!



AND JUST WHEN THEY'D BEEN READY TO SET OUT ON PASS TOGETHER ...

JABOTINSKY -- REPORT TO THE FIRST SERGEANT ON THE DOUBLE! YOU'RE GOING HOME ON ROTATION, MAN!



I DON'T FEEL RIGHT ABOUT BUSTIN' UP THE SQUAD!

YOU GOT BATTLE FATIGUE OR SOMETHING? IF ANYBODY DESERVES TO GO HOME, IT'S YOU!



GOSH-- WE'LL SURE MISS HIM!

YEAH, IT WON'T BE THE SAME WITHOUT GOOD OLD JAB!

IT'D TAKE A CORPS OF SHERMAN TANKS TO REPLACE HIM!



HEY-- WHO YA THINK YA'RE BUNKIN' INTO?

AH'M RIGHT SORRY, SIR!



COULD YE -ALL TELL ME WHERE THE FIRST SQUAD IS? AH'VE BEEN LOOKIN' AN' LOOKIN'...

OH, NO! DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE THE REPLACEMENT FOR JAB!



FIGHTIN' MARINES

A ROOKIE SO GREEN...
HE CAN'T EVEN FIND HIS
SQUAD IN BROAD DAY-
LIGHT BACK IN
REST AREA!

BETCHA THE
HILLBILLY THINKS
AN AMMO CLIP
IS SOMETHING
TO STORE CORN
IN!



MY NAME'S TOM
BOONE! IF THIS-
HERE'S MY
SQUAD...I'M
RIGHT GLAD
TO MEET
YE-ALL!



?!



LATER...

WE'RE ALL GOING ON PASS,
BOONE! SEE YOU WHEN
WE STAGGER BACK!



THE NEXT DAY...

YOU'VE HAD IT,
MEN! START
ROLLIN' THOSE
COMBAT PACKS!

THEY
CALL THIS
A REST?

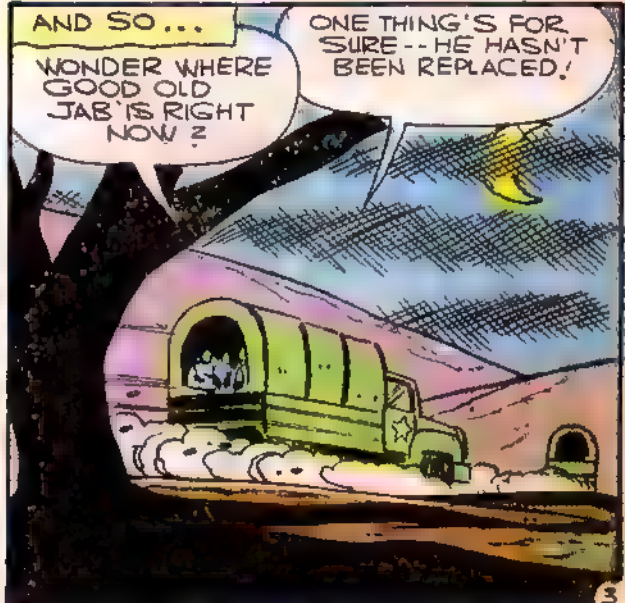
THAT'S
THE
ARMY
FOR
YA!



AND SO...

WONDER WHERE
GOOD OLD
JAB IS RIGHT
NOW?

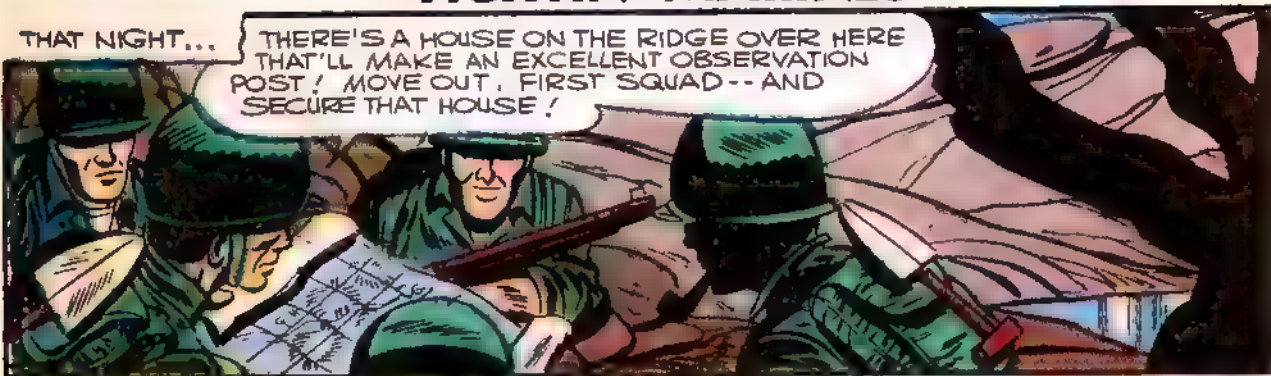
ONE THING'S FOR
SURE-- HE HASN'T
BEEN REPLACED!



FIGHTIN' MARINES

THAT NIGHT...

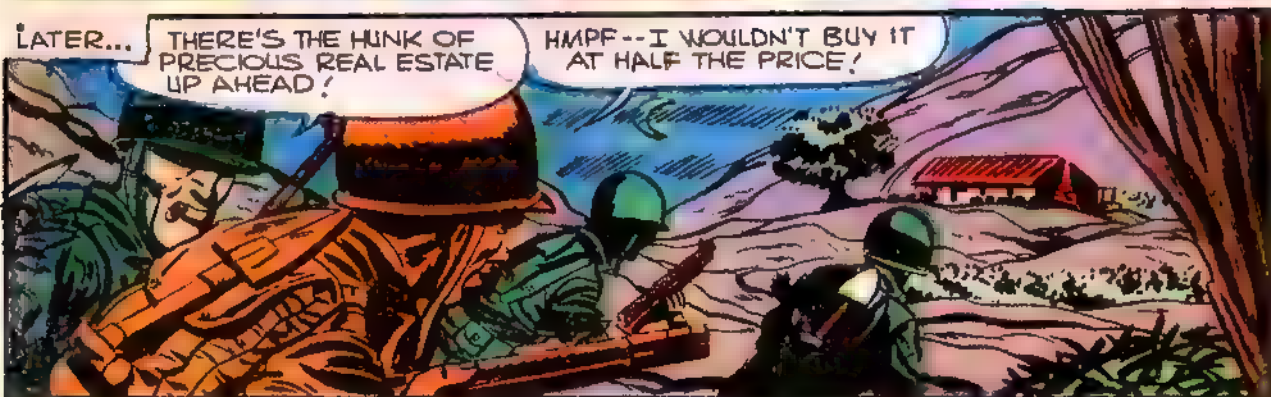
THERE'S A HOUSE ON THE RIDGE OVER HERE THAT'LL MAKE AN EXCELLENT OBSERVATION POST! MOVE OUT, FIRST SQUAD--AND SECURE THAT HOUSE!



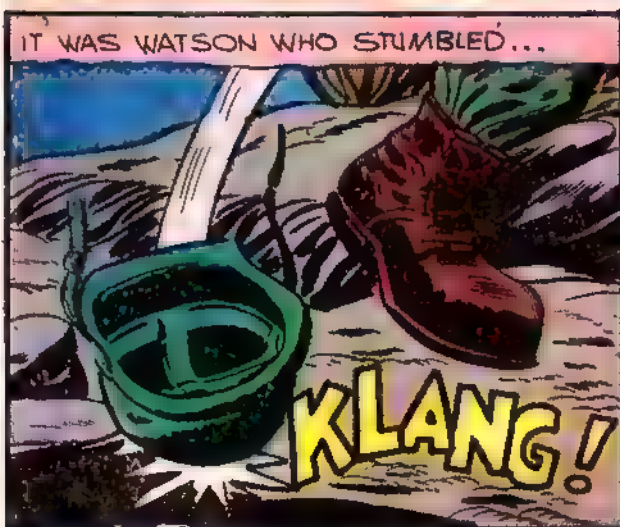
LATER...

THERE'S THE HUNK OF PRECIOUS REAL ESTATE UP AHEAD!

HMPF--I WOULDN'T BUY IT AT HALF THE PRICE!

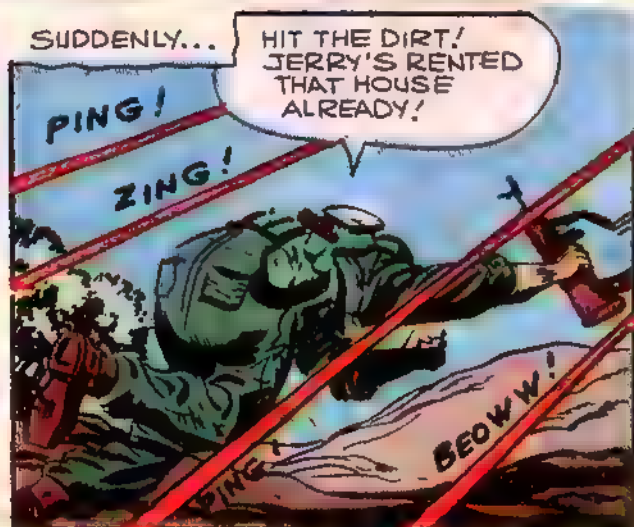


IT WAS WATSON WHO STUMBLED...



SUDDENLY...

HIT THE DIRT! JERRY'S RENTED THAT HOUSE ALREADY!



EVERYBODY PRESENT AND ALL IN ONE PIECE?

EVERYBODY BUT THAT CRUDDY REPLACEMENT! THE YELLOW-BELLY RAN OUT ON US!



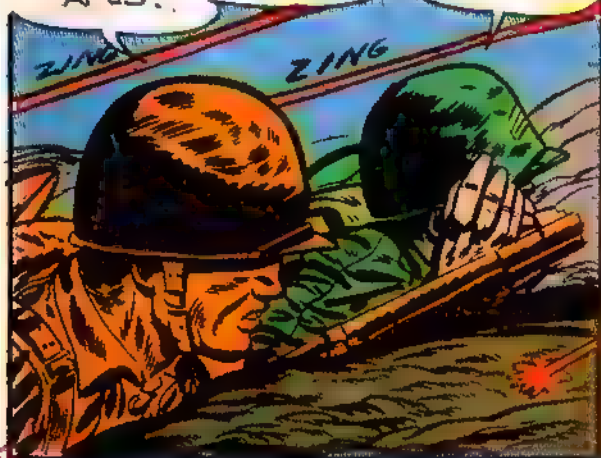
OF ALL THE...



FIGHTIN' MARINES

WH - WHAT'S OUR NEXT STOP
ON THIS PLEASURE CRUISE.
SARGE? JERRY'S
STARTIN' TO THROW
MORTAR SHELLS
AT US!

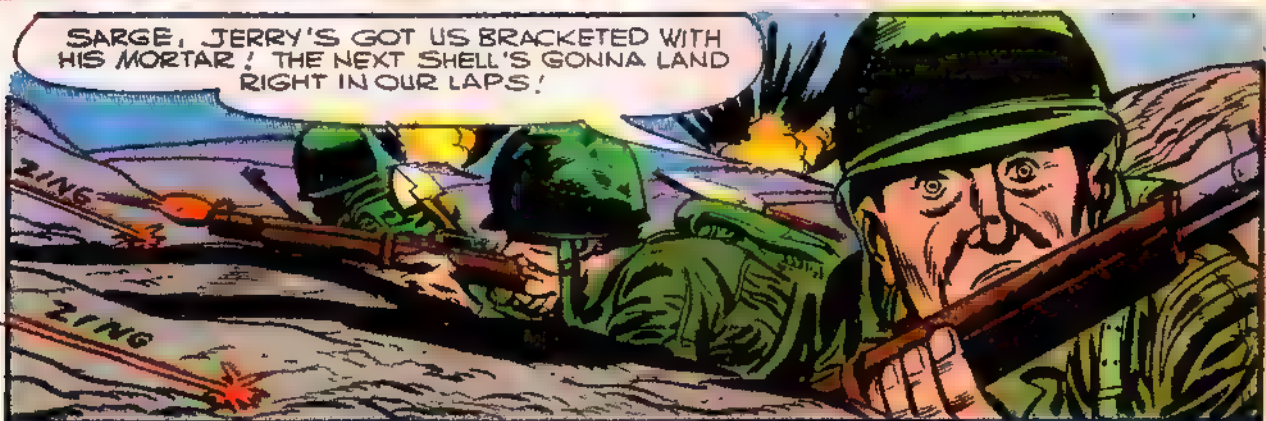
LOOKS
LIKE
WE'RE
CHECK-
MATED!;



ANY MOVE WE MAKE
WOULD TAKE US CLEAR
ACROSS AN OPEN
FIELD OF FIRE!



SARGE, JERRY'S GOT US BRACKETED WITH
HIS MORTAR! THE NEXT SHELL'S GONNA LAND
RIGHT IN OUR LAPS!



JUST THEN...



WHAT
WAS
THAT?

SOUNDED
LIKE
ONE OF
OUR GARANDS
FIRING OVER
ON THE
FLANK!

D-DO YA
THINK
IT
COULD
BE...?



AT THAT MOMENT...

THIS-HERE ARMY PIECE
SHOOTS RIGHT-FINE!
RECKON THAT JERRY
MORTAR CREW WON'T
BE PESTERIN' MY
BUDDIES ANY MORE
TONIGHT!



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ALL-AMERICAN SPORTS CLUB

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ALL-AMERICAN SPORTS CLUB NEWS

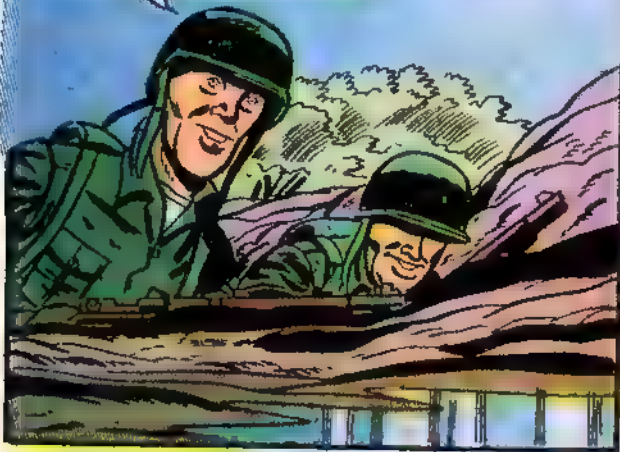
All the latest inside info on your favorite players and teams. Sent **FREE** to club members only.

NEWS

THE GRAND IN BACK OF THE BUS

FIGHTIN' MARINES

SARGE, IT MUST BE THE REPLACEMENT UP THERE! HE PUT THE MORTAR CREW OUT OF COMMISSION!



IT'S RIGHT - QUIET DOWN THERE! WONDER IF THAT MORTAR CREW WAS HOLDIN' THE HOUSE BY THEIR LONESOME...



THE AMERIKANER SNIPER! I CAN SEE HIM!



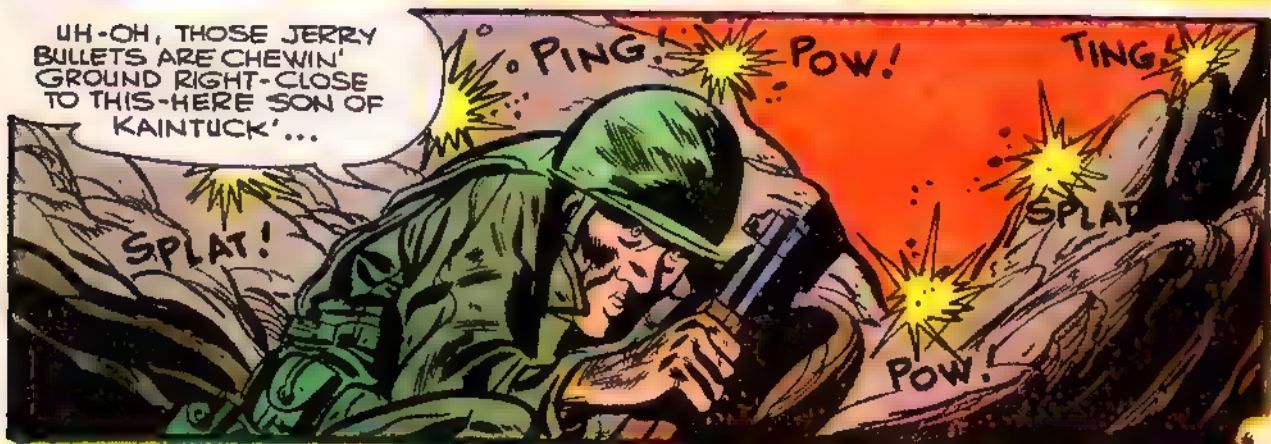
GOOD! MAKE THE AMERIKANER KEEP HIS HEAD DOWN WHILE WE PLACE THE MACHINE GUN IN POSITION!



BUDDA
BUDDA
BUDDA



UH-OH, THOSE JERRY BULLETS ARE CHEWIN' GROUND RIGHT-CLOSE TO THIS-HERE SON OF KAINTECK'...



FIGHTIN' MARINES

JUST THEN...

BLAM!

UP AN' AT 'EM, FIRST SQUAD! LET'S FINISH THE JOB THAT OUR GRENADES STARTED!

LATER...

WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE!

HI, KID! THAT WAS SOME -- REAL SWEET SHARPSHOOTIN'!

YEAH -- AN' WE CRAWLED AROUND THE OTHER FLANK WHILE JERRY WAS BUSY SETTIN' UP TO WORK YOU OVER!

HEY, SARGE -- I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHIN'... HIS NAME IS BOONE! COULD...

YUP -- DAN'L BOONE WAS ONE OF MY KIN A LONG WAY BACK! SHARP-SHOOTIN' SORT OF RUNS IN MY FAMILY. AH RECKON!

THE NEXT TIME E COMPANY'S FIRST SQUAD GOT BACK TO REST ...

WH - WHERE ARE YE - ALL DRAGGIN' ME OFF TO ?

WE'RE GOIN' ON PASS, BOONE -- ALL OF US! THE FIRST SQUAD ALWAYS STICKS TOGETHER -- UP ON THE LINE, AND EVEN BACK ON REST!

END

An Amazing Invention—"Magic Art Reproducer"

DRAW

The First Day

**Anyone can Draw With This
Amazing New Invention—
Instantly!**



De Luxe Model
Complete for only

\$198

—With extra
high power,
extra clear and
sharp "repro-
ducer" unit.

A New Hobby Gives You A Brand New Interest!

Yes, anyone from 5 to 80 can draw or sketch or paint anything now—the very first time you use the "Magic Art Reproducer" like a professional artist—no matter how "hopeless" you think you are! An unlimited variety and amount of drawings can be made. Art is admired and respected by everyone. Most hobbies are expensive, but drawing costs very little, just some inexpensive paper, pencils, crayons, or paint. No costly upkeep, nothing to wear out, no parts to replace. It automatically reproduces anything you want to draw on any sheet of paper. Then easily and quickly follow the lines of the "picture image" with your pencil and you have an accurate original drawing that anyone would think an artist had done. No guesswork, no judging sizes and shapes! Reproduces black and white and actual colors for paintings.

Also makes drawing larger or smaller as you wish.

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Have fun! Be popular! Everyone will ask you to draw them. You'll be in demand! After a short time, you may find you can draw well without the "Magic Art Reproducer" because you have developed a "knack" and feeling artists have—which may lead to a good paying art career.

FREE!

"How to Easily Draw Artists' Models"

This valuable illustrated guide is yours free with order of "Magic Art Reproducer."

Packed with pictures showing all the basic poses of artists' models with simple instruction for beginners of art. Includes guidance on anatomy, techniques and figure action.

**SEND NO MONEY!
Free 10-Day Trial!**

Just send name and address. Pay postman on delivery \$1.98 plus postage. Or send only \$1.98 with order and we pay postage. You must be convinced that you can draw anything like an artist, or return merchandise after 10-day trial and your money will be refunded.

**NO LESSONS!
NO TALENT!**

**You Can Draw Your Family,
Friends, Anything From
REAL LIFE—Like An Artist...
Even if You CAN'T DRAW
A Straight Line!**

**ALSO EXCELLENT FOR EVERY OTHER
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FREE 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON

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Rush my "Magic Art Reproducer" plus FREE illustrated guide "How to Easily Draw Artists' Models." I will pay postman on delivery only \$1.98 plus postage. I must be convinced that I can draw anything like an artist, or I can return merchandise after 10-day trial and get my money back.

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Developed Man."

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and Hips

☐ Broader Chest and
Shoulders

☐ More Weight, Solid
in All The RIGHT
PLACES

☐ More Powerful Arms
and Grip

☐ More Powerful Leg
Muscles

☐ More Energy, Better
Complexion, Sleep
More Restfully

...and I'll PROVE I Can Make
You Over From Head to Foot!
IN ONLY 15 MINUTES A DAY

YES, it's yours for the asking—the kind of body YOU want! Just tell me WHERE you need it—and I'll add SOLID INCHES of powerful new muscle—make your entire body over into the kind of power house that women admire and respect.

Do you want broader shoulders — pounds off your waist and hips — more powerful arms — handsome legs — a mid-section with solid-as-steel muscle? Just check what you want right in the coupon below. I'll PROVE you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—right in the privacy of your room.

I don't care if you are 15 or 50—skinny or fat. My methods are famous for working FAST—getting RESULTS on skinny run-down bodies—turning flabby skin and bones into SOLID MUSCLE!

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny weakling I was at 17 to my present superman physique! Thousands of fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets

or contraptions. You simply use the dormant muscle-power in your own God-giver body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension" is so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition for boxing, wrestling, baseball, football, tennis and every other sport.

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This book is a real prize, yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Rush coupon to me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 325-D 115 E. 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.



LOOK At These RESULTS:

"Have put 3 1/2" on chest (normal), 2 1/2 expanded." — F. S., N. Y.



"My arms increased 1 1/2"; chest, 2 1/2; forearm 3/4." — C. W., W. Va.



"When I started your Course I weighed only 141. Now weigh 170." — T. K., N. Y.



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Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(Check as many as you like)

☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places

☐ Broader Chest, Shoulders

☐ Powerful Arms, Legs, Grip

☐ Slimmer Waist, Hips

☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

☐ If under 14 years of age check for Booklet A.

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make me a new man—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. No obligation.

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We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page... or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, air-rifles, U-Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, scout equipment, model airplanes, movie machines, record players, and many others... **all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST.** You don't risk or invest a cent—we send you everything you need **ON TRUST.** Here's how easy it is: Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or even more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35c... sell on sight. You can make big cash commissions or get many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mottos. Other prizes for selling 2 sets or more. Write today for Big Prize catalog sent to you **FREE.**

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SET



GARRY HAYES
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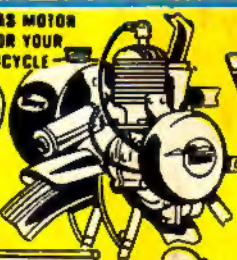
GIRLS
OVERNIGHT
CASE



SPORTS
EQUIPMENT



TABLE TENNIS SET



GAS MOTOR
FOR YOUR
BICYCLE



SCOUTING
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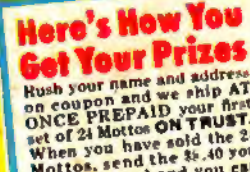
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WITH GAS
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CHEMISTRY SET



COCKER SPANIEL



LIVE WESTERN
COWBOY HORSE



BOY'S
OR GIRL'S
BICYCLE

**\$1,000.00 IN
EXTRA PRIZES!**

You can get most prizes on this page by selling just one set of 24 Religious Wall Mottos. In addition, I offer these wonderful BIG prizes! I'll tell you how you may win! All details sent free along with 24 Mottos I send you on credit.

21-INCH
TV SET

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Get Your Prizes**

Hurry your name and address on coupon and we ship **AT ONCE PREPAID ON TRUST.** When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$2.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to **EARN MONEY**, send \$6.00 and keep \$2.40. Hurry, send **TODAY** for 24 Mottos **ON TRUST** and big **PRIZE CATALOG FREE.**

**FREE Membership in
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EXTRA! Sell mottos and send payment within 15 days, and I'll give you free a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—plus extra surprises!

The FUNman, Dept. C-109
5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Ill. **FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG**

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Name _____

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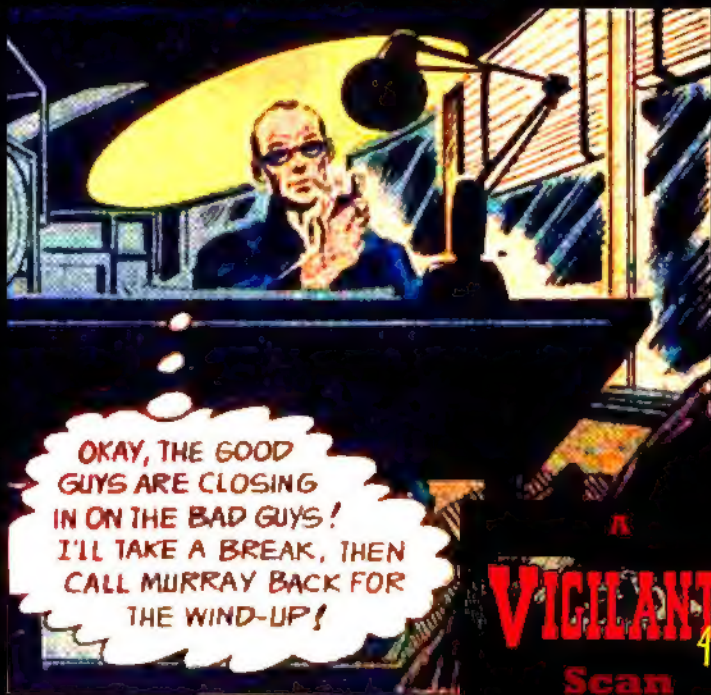
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JIM APARO

1932 - 2005

*One of the last TRUE
comic book professionals*



OKAY, THE GOOD
GUYS ARE CLOSING
IN ON THE BAD GUYS!
I'LL TAKE A BREAK, THEN
CALL MURRAY BACK FOR
THE WIND-UP!

VIGILANTE 407
Scan